The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

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BRITISH GENERAL BESTOWS PRAISE ON YANK DIVISION

Americans Free 15 Villages and 3,000 Inhabitants; 3,400 Prisoners

LILLE-METZ LINE REACHED

Attacks in Face of Austrian Mountain Batteries Firing With Open Sights

American troops fighting with British and Australian won this week a concrete testimonial of their worth in the shape of a congratulatory telegram from General Sir Henry Rawlinson, commanding the Fourth British Army.

The occasion of the telegram was the capture of the towns of Brancourt and Prémont. But Brancourt and Prémont themselves are well behind the American line between Cambrai and St. Quentin now.

The telegram reads:

On this, the first occasion on which the —— American Corps has taken part in battle on its own, I desire to convey to you, General ——, and all members of your staff, as well as to all ranks in the —— Division, my hearty congratulations on your victory today. The gallantry of your infantry and the precision with which all staff arrangements have worked has filled me with admiration, and it has given me great pleasure to report your unqualified success to Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig.

What had they done? They had pierced the Hindenburg line at Bellicourt, and in the nine days' fighting that followed, bringing them to the western bank of the tiny river Selle, south of the town of Le Cateau, they had advanced 32 kilometers, liberated 15 large villages, freed 3,000 French inhabitants, made 3,400 Germans prisoner, including 50 officers, captured many guns and machine guns, including two batteries of 105's complete, which were straightway turned against the enemy, and taken valuable war material in quantities, including such items as 2,000 tons of coal, 500 bales of hay, great stores of artillery and small arms ammunition, 20,000 feet of lumber, and one complete sawmill.

Up to Lille-Metz Line

More than that, the height of the advance found them not on the Siegfried line, the next German defense system to the east of the Hindenburg line, or on the Hunding or Kriemhilde line, next east, but in touch with the great Lille-Metz line itself. It brought them a great distance ahead of the Allied advance in all the victorious weeks since July 18.

The series of attacks which accomplished the final advance, bringing the line to the river Scile, a stream that would impose few difficulties on a good broad jumper, never more than shoulder deep, and with banks perhaps three feet high, began a week ago Tuesday morning and ended on the Friday following.

The attacks were made in the face of heavy machine gun and artillery fire—they were made even in the face of Austrian mountain batteries of 7.5's firing with open sights.

Those attacks often caught the enemy with enfilading fire. One stretch of road 100 feet long was strewn with the bodies of 30 Germans, each almost touching the other. It was the work of a single Yankee machine gun that had advanced far enough to flank a center of German rearguard resistance in its battling retreat.

The tanks were in it. The crews trekked all the night that preceded the attack, and the trek was far more exhausting than the attack itself. And the men within them felt far more fear for gasoline fumes than they did for German shells.

On in Their Zigzag Course

They went on in their zigzag course, dodging shellbursts as well as a tank can hope to. Two tanks surprised an enemy battery from the rear, killing the entire crews.

The tanks did wonderful work, but the doughboys went ahead of them, which was no fault of the tanks. One hastily scribbled report from an Intelligence Police officer had this sentence in it when headquarters read it: "These damned Infantrymen are walking the legs off of me."

When the operation ended, when the whole 32-kilometers-in-nine-days race had been won, the Germans were digging in hastily on the slopes that run up from the eastern bank of the Selle—digging in where they had had no opportunity of putting wire in front of their positions, and small prospect of getting that opportunity. It was evident, however, that, come what might, they were preparing to stand as long as possible on that line.

The released civilians, 3,000 of whom were freed by the Americans, in addition to other thousands liberated by British and Australians, had stayed in the little villages along the Selle through the thickest of the firing. They crowded into the hamlet of La Haie Menneresse a thousand strong—the normal peace-time population of the town is 350. As a result, there were not enough sheltering cellars for them when the Hun began to bombard the lost town, and five were killed by a single shell while a Yankee patrol was scouring the village shortly after its fall.

In the larger town of Bohain, one edge of which the Americans crossed in their advance, were 4,000 civilians. There were 1,400 in the village of Busigny.

Villages Almost Intact

Most of the villages in this region are not nearly so battered as those that lay in front of the late Hindenburg line, and through which the tide of battle has swept four times in as many years. There is, of course, not one which is not in need of at least slight alterations before it can be called habitable, but there are some which are almost intact.

A detachment that billeted in one place where a roof was still a roof had matters wonderfully simplified for it through the discovery of the billeting map which the Germans had been using not many days before. The German numbers were still on the houses, and the

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TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

MY SECOND visit to France has again taken me from the ports to the front line trenches. Since April, incredible progress has been made. The ports, the transportation and storage facilities; the training camps and all the accessories necessary to make our great Army effective have been developed and strengthened. The Army has greatly increased in numbers and the spirit and training of our men has continued to be high and worthy.

To the people of the United States you are, in the first place, "Our Boys," and your careers here are followed with affection and pride. The health of the Army shows your prudent regard for your effectiveness as soldiers and the wholesomeness of the life you are living.

In the next place, you are, to the people at home, "Our Soldiers," and whether you are sending supplies to the front or fighting at the front, you represent the strength of our country in operation for the vindication of the great principles upon which all human liberty must rest. We are proud of your steadfastness, your courage and your success.

I shall return to America to tell your friends there that on every hand in this country I have heard praise of your conduct both as men and soldiers. Taken all together, the Army of which you are a part is perhaps the finest achievement of our country.

You are such soldiers as a Democracy ought to produce, and we at home shall pray for your welfare and look for your further successes until you, with the Armies of our Allies, become the victors in this struggle and you return to America with your task accomplished.

Heartily yours,

(Signed) NEWTON D. BAKER,
Secretary of War.

October 11, 1918.

NO WOCS IN A.E.F.; NEW DRAFT AGES WILL FILL NEEDS

Plan for Separate Woman's Corps for S.O.S. Now Abandoned

50,000 MEN TO COME OVER

Limited Service Class Will Provide Clerks, Labor Foremen, Cooks and Other Workers

There will be no Wocs in the A.E.F. after all.

The separate woman's corps of the Army has been abandoned. The Government has decided that the new draft law, enrolling men between 18 and 45, will enable the Army to fill all its labor needs with limited service men, so that thousands of girls and young women need not be called to France.

Men who ordinarily would not be accepted for Army duty overseas are to be brought to France by tens of thousands to fill the heavy specialized needs of the S.O.S. department. They will be enrolled in the new Army Service Corps, which, should it be filled to authorized strength, will consist of 100,000 men and more than 1,500 officers.

50,000 Asked For

The Commanding General, S.O.S., has asked Washington to supply soon 50,000 of these limited service men, and in reply the Government has promised that 5,000 will be sent within a month. Of the 50,000 eventually to be supplied, 1,000 will be used as cement makers, 1,050 as cooks—perhaps after a training course—2,000 as labor foremen, and 14,800 as clerks, typists and stenographers. The other 31,150, for miscellaneous needs, will be supplied from "run of draft."

The decision to use limited service men comes at a time when Miss Elsie Gunther, of the Labor Bureau of the A.S.C., is in the United States, where enrolling of women had already been put under way. Five thousand women were to have been sent to France as soon as arrangements could be made.

To care for these women hotel billets had already been provided in certain towns and some special barracks had been made ready. It is expected these will be used for the new A.S.C. men when they arrive.

Saving Money for Uncle

The new plan will mean a large money saving to the Government, as the A.S.C. men will receive Army pay and Army accommodations when the plan is fully worked out, whereas a higher rate of pay and housing requirements of a higher order would have been necessary to attract enough women to fill labor needs.

Some departments of the S.O.S., however, are continuing to bring women to France. Fifty young women typists and stenographers have just arrived for work in the Ordnance Department offices. They landed in civilian dress, and, to comply with a French travel regulation, were provided with brassards and metallic ornaments for their journey to their post of duty.

Whether all the women now employed in S.O.S. offices will be superseded by men is doubtful, as thousands of French women are so employed, in addition to the women who have already arrived for special work.

The new plan may lead possibly to a modification of the system of labor by civilian male employes under contract.

U. S. WAR GARDENS TOTAL 5,285,000

Crops Worth Over Half Billion, Says Head of Commission

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 17.—A total of 5,285,000 home food producing garden plots were planted in the United States this year, and the 1918 war garden crops are worth over $525,000,000, according to the report of Charles Lathrop Peck, president of the National War Garden Commission.

The war garden movement has made phenomenal progress since its inauguration. A gain of 51 per cent is recorded in the financial results of this year as against 1917.

The boys' and girls' agricultural clubs of the North and West, which is a movement that has grown wonderfully, enrolled 800,000 members during the past year and are estimated to have added nearly $20,000,000 to the nation's natural wealth. In the South alone more than 115,000 boys enrolled and produced food the value of which is placed at $4,500,000. Negro boys raised a small fortune in crops.

109 ORPHANS IN WEEK—TOTAL 234

ADOPT A CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHAN!

This is the slogan of a campaign which THE STARS AND STRIPES has inaugurated to accomplish, between now and Christmas, the adoption of at least 500 child mascots by the A.E.F. units and members—a campaign to secure food, clothing, comfort, schooling for 500 little French children whose fathers have paid the supreme price for liberty.

We are out to give at least 500 little French boys and girls A CHRISTMAS PRESENT WHICH WILL LAST A WHOLE YEAR.

We have these children listed, photographed, investigated by the American Red Cross—all ready for adoption. And we offer them to the O.D. Santa Clauses from overseas—

FIVE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHANS AT 500 FRANCS EACH.

Get out the old Who's Who in This War and enter the A.E.F. as a philanthropist.

The A.E.F. got a smile on its face this week, a paternal twinkle in its eye, and beamed all over. It went into its inside pocket and came out with more francs than you would ever think it had if you've tried to float a prepayday loan lately.

As an amateur Santa Claus and fairy god-father to the war orphans of France it did itself proud. To the appeal of THE STARS AND STRIPES for Christmas, all-the-year-around aid for children whose fathers gave up their lives in this war, for children rendered homeless by the Hun, the response was lusty and eloquent.

When all the adoptions received had been tabulated and counted, when all the hearty expressions of good will and well wishes had been read and noted, it was found that 109 fatherless little children had found parrains in the A.E.F. and wouldn't have to worry about the wherewithal for their daily bread for a full year. Also, it was found that all previous weekly records for the number of adoptions had been broken and that the half way mark to the 500-by-Christmas goal which we had set was already near attainment.

All Sorts of All Sorts

This week's answer was even more general than last week's, which counted in its seven days the adoption of 88 children. There were all sorts of requests for mascots from all sorts of organizations in all sorts of places, several of them notable for the size of the contribution which accompanied them. One regiment of Artillery took 16 children and two companies of an Infantry regiment at the front took ten between them. One camp hospital adopted six, and a detachment of the division of construction fathered four. One contribution comprised the proceeds of a benefit boxing carnival.

There were more than a score of individual adoptions. Lieutenants are particularly plentiful in the latest list of parrains. Thirteen of them sent in their contributions for children which they will care for personally. Next to lieutenants on the list of individuals were privates—yep, the same.

Privates, 4; lieutenants, 13; chaplains, 1; captains, 1; majors, 0; colonels, 0; generals, 0; women, 2—that's the score in the individual adoptions.

We haven't much comment to make on this standing—yet. But it's no wonder the German military critics get away with the assertion that we're short of higher officers. They probably quote THE STARS AND STRIPES orphan department figures to prove it.

One of the children—lucky little rascal—adopted by women of the A.E.F. was taken by two telephone girls jointly, making a total of three to the credit of the telephone unit. The second was taken by a Y.M.C.A. worker.

Boosting Things 1,600 Per Cent

The — Field Artillery, which won this week's loving cup (imaginary) for the biggest single order, started out, at the instigation of Chaplain Harry C. Fraser, to raise 500 francs for one orphan. When they finished they had 8,000 francs—enough for 16.

"There seems to be a good connection, among these wagon soldiers of the —, between their heartstrings and their pursestrings," wrote Chaplain Fraser.

"We are not exactly parlor ornaments ourselves, being just plain unfussed-over regulars, so we could appreciate it if you would pick us out 16 of the friendlessest orphans, girls, of course, you can find. We'd like 'em assorted, but sticking as closely as possible to the following specifications: red-headed, freckled-faced, pug-nosed.

"If you can find us one with a couple of teeth missing, the Supply Company would appreciate it. Headquarters Company wants one that stutters if it is big enough to have acquired that accomplishment, and the Medical Detachment pledges itself to furnish colic mixture for theirs if that would help any."

Red-headed orphans again! And it's not the only request for them this week, either. We may say that, in answer to

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A POILU DIED FOR HIM

MORE LEAVE AREAS; FIVE NOW RUNNING AS A.E.F. CENTERS

Dauphine Region, in Heart of Alps, Will Accommodate 2,500

ARDECHE SPRINGS ON LIST

Ancient City of Grenoble Is Center of Mountainous Country —Winter Sport Plans

Two more leave areas, one situated right in the heart of the French Alps, the other in the Ardèche sulphur spring region, will be opened to the men of the A.E.F. about November 1. These additional choices for soldiers on furlough will have accommodations in all for 3,500. This makes a total of five A.E.F. leave areas in France.

The larger of the two areas to be opened next month will be known as the Dauphiné leave area, in the Department of Isère, with the city of Grenoble as its center. Uriage-les-Bains and Allevard-les-Bains, neighboring water resorts, will be utilized for the housing and entertainment of the permissionaires.

Both places have much to recommend them. Situated amid towering mountain ranges, they offer ideal opportunities for winter sports. The region abounds in old castles, water falls and rare views.

The Y.M.C.A. branch for the area is making arrangements to supply visiting soldiers with ice skates, skiis, bob sleds and all that goes to make for enjoyment of frost and snow. The casinos at both Uriage-les-Bains and Allevard have been taken over and will be used for entertainment purposes.

Attraction of Grenoble

The city of Grenoble is one of the most historic in the Alps region. It has a population of 125,000 and is noted as a glove manufacturing center. It was the capital of Dauphiné in the days when little principalities obtained all over France, and is now the chief city of the department of Isère. It is popular with tourists, and its chief thoroughfare, Cours Saint-André, a 5-mile avenue, is famous for its trees.

The Ardèche leave area will have its center at Vals-les-Bains in the department of Ardèche. It is expected that 1,000 men will be accommodated here. The climate, which is mild, and the Vals-sulphur baths are among the attractions.

Excursions to points of interest will include Aubenas, an historic old town, and the Gorge of Ardèche. The latter is especially notable, being one of the closest approaches in Europe to our own Grand Canyon.

NEW MESS KIT HERE, LID MUCH DEEPER

Lower Pan Also Designed to Hold More Chicken a la Casserole

There is a new mess kit.

It has two oval pans, like the old mess kit, but both pans are deeper.

The lower pan—with a draught of almost two inches—will hold a whopping ladle full of soup or stew, or all that even the most altruistic mess sergeant would allow to be loaded into it. The lid part has a depth of over half an inch and a wide, sharply turned edge all around that is guaranteed to prevent even peas and other rolling vegetable from sliding off when a reasonable angle is maintained.

A major in the equipment bureau of the Ordnance Department designed the new mess kit after observing company messes at the front. He says that Mr. Hoover might object to the big holding capacity, and the dry cleaners' union might denounce the non-spilling, non-splashing rims that keep gravies from spilling on to doughboys' laps, but he is confident that the divisions now getting the kits will be envied by the men who are still using the old magician and juggler outfits.

SHIP RECORD AGAIN MADE IN SEPTEMBER

Seventy-Four Vessels of 369,330 Tons Are Turned Over

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 17.—September has marked up another world's record in ship construction. During the month 74 vessels were completed and turned over to the United States Shipping Board, in addition to one vessel completed for Japan.

This adds 396,330 deadweight tons to our merchant marine, beating the August record by 30,000 tons. During the week ending October 2, 26 vessels were completed and turned over to the Shipping Board.

Nearly 11,000 young men volunteered for service in the merchant marine during the past month, going far beyond the capacity of the board's training ships for student marines.

READY FOR PROHIBITION

AMERICA, Oct. 17.—One big New York hotel has decided to beat prohibition to it. It has just installed a splendid soft drink fountain.

YANKS HAVE PART IN SUCCESSES OF ANOTHER BIG WEEK

Overcome Frantic Resistance and Break New Line of Enemy

PRISONERS TOTAL 17,000

Second Army Formed Under Major Gen. Bullard—Major Gen. Liggett C.O. of First

The week that ended Wednesday, October 16, saw the greatest series of advances made on the Western front since the First Battle of the Marne. It gave promise, too, of still greater movements to come.

The part played by the First American Army in that advance may be summarized as follows:

On the morning of October 14—the 19th day of the battle northwest of Verdun—the American forces attacked afresh, and before that day was done had made a definite breach in the Kriemhilde Stellung, the formidable line of defense which the Germans had been busily preparing as their retirement position.

The breach reached from Landres-et-St. Georges to Hill 182, and all day Tuesday our soldiers steadily widened it. Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, that once was an important railway center, soon lay behind them. St. Juvin was passed. Far to the left, American troops, with the Forest of Argonne comfortably to the rear, were making their way across the River Aire. On Wednesday came the capture of the important town of Grandpré and of the Bois des Loges.

Thousands of Machine Guns

The advance was made in the face of unremitting artillery fire and against thousands of machine guns. It was made over mined roads and against troops which were the very best the enemy could muster and which were ordered, every man of them, not to yield an inch of that precious ground.

The German orders captured, with their anxious, solemn call to the defense of the Fatherland, are not needed to show how vital does the enemy consider this attack in Argonne. That could be read in the total of divisions that he has hurried to oppose the advance of the Americans. Already about 15 divisions have been counted in Argonne, eight of them fresh, almost as many fresh divisions, that is, as the Germans opposed to the British and French in the much larger operation around Cambrai.

Divisions dragged to this sector from in front of the victorious French in Champagne, units made up catch-as-catch-can, like Carey's Chickens, from whatever detachments the German commanders could lay their hands on, all these and many more indications bore eloquent testimony to the desperateness of the resistance.

Prisoners Clog Roads

Yet, in the face of that resistance, the First American Army moved relentlessly on, their tanks in evidence everywhere, their aircraft never more aggressive. And on the 19th and 20th days of the battle the roads were once more clogged with German prisoners, trotting back to swell a total which, since September 26, had already passed the 17,000 mark.

How precious the enemy regards every inch of ground near Verdun is shown vividly in the orders of the general commanding the German army opposed to the Americans. The order announces further American pressure and goes on to say:

"The heaviest part of the task will once more fall on this army in the course of the combats of the coming weeks, and the safety of the Fatherland will be in its hands. On the unconquerable resistance of the Verdun front depends the fate of a great part of the Western Front, perhaps even of our nation. The Fatherland must rest assured that every commander and every man realizes the greatness of his mission, and that he will do his duty to the very end. If we do this, the enemy's attack will, as heretofore, break against our firm will to hold.

The Second American Army began operating as such this week. General Hunter Liggett has been assigned to command the First American Army and General Robert L. Bullard to command the Second Army. General Pershing, who has himself exercised command of the First American Army, now assumes command of the American group of armies.

Advance Everywhere in West

The attacks of the Allied armies on the Western front have continued with unremitting pressure. The Germans have retreated on a wide front and to a great depth in Champagne; they have yielded up Laon and the Foresta of St. Gobian, far behind the Chemin des Dames; they are being forced from the great bulge in the north that contains the cities of Douai, Lille, Tourcoing, Roubaix and Courtrai, and their hold on the Belgian coast has become undeniably precarious.

NO PEACE WITH HOHENZOLLERNS; SAYS PRESIDENT

Armistice Is Question for Allied Military Leaders to Decide

DESTRUCTION MUST CEASE

Third and Fourth Exchanges of Diplomatic Notes Leave Move Up to Germany

The reply of the German Foreign Secretary to President Wilson's note of October 8 and the President's reply to the German Foreign Secretary, dated October 14, are given below. They form, respectively, the third and fourth communications in the vital diplomatic moves of the past few days.

GERMANY'S ANSWER

Germany's answer of October 12 to President Wilson's reply of October 8 to the German Chancellor's proposal for an armistice:

In reply to the questions of the President of the United States of America, the German Government hereby declares that the German Government has accepted the terms laid down by President Wilson in his address on January 8 and in his subsequent addresses on the foundation of permanent peace and justice.

Consequently its object in entering into discussions would be only to agree upon the practical details of the application of these terms.

The German Government believes that the Governments of the Powers associated with the Government of the United States also adopt the position taken by President Wilson in his address.

The German Government, in accordance with the Austro-Hungarian Government, for the purpose of bringing about an armistice, declares itself ready to comply with the propositions of the President in regard to evacuation.

The German Government suggests that the President may occasion the meeting of a mixed commission for the making of the necessary arrangements concerning the evacuation.

The present German Government which has undertaken the responsibility for this step toward peace has been formed by conferences and in agreement with the great majority of the Reichstag.

The Chancellor is supported in all his actions by the will of this majority, and speaks in the name of the German Government and the German people.

(Signed) SOLF,
State Secretary, Foreign Office.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER

President Wilson's answer of October 14 to Germany's note of October 12:

Department of State,
Washington, D. C.

Sir—In reply to the communication of the German Government, dated the 12th inst., which you handed me today, I have the honor to request you to transmit the following answer:

The unqualified acceptance by the present German Government, and by a large majority of the German Reichstag, of the terms laid down by the President of the United States of America in his address to the Congress of the United States of January 8, 1918, and in his subsequent addresses, justifies the President in making a frank and direct statement of his decision with regard to the communications of the German Government of October 8 and 12, 1918.

It must be clearly understood that the process of evacuation and the conditions of an armistice are matters which must be left to the judgment and advice of the military advisers of the Government of the United States and the Allied Governments, and the President feels it his duty to say that no arrangement can be accepted by the Government of the United States which does not provide absolutely satisfactory safeguards and guarantees of the maintenance of the present military supremacy of the armies of the United States and of the Allies in the field.

He feels confident that he can safely assume that this will also be the judgment and decision of the Allied Governments.

The President feels that it is also his duty to add that neither the Government of the United States nor, he is quite sure, the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated as a belligerent, will consent to consider an armistice so long as the armed forces of Germany continue the illegal and inhumane practices which they still persist in.

At the very time that the German Government approaches the Government of the United States with proposals of peace, its submarines are engaged in sinking passenger ships at sea, and not the ships alone, but the very boats in which their passengers and crews seek to make their way to safety; and in their present enforced withdrawal from Flanders and France the German armies are pursuing a course of wanton destruction which has always been regarded as in direct violation of the rules and practices of civilized warfare. Cities and villages, if not destroyed, are being stripped of all they contain, and very often of their inhabitants.

The nations associated against Germany cannot be expected to agree to a cessation or arms while acts of inhumanity, spoliation and desolation are being continued, which they justly look upon with horror and with burning hearts.

It is necessary also, in order that there may be no possibility of misunderstanding, that the President should very solemnly call the attention of the Government of Germany to the language and plain intent of one of the terms of peace which the German Government has now accepted. It is contained in the address of the President delivered at Mount Vernon on July 4 last. It is as follows:

"The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at least its reduction to virtual impotency.

"The power which has hitherto controlled the German nation is of the sort here described. It is within the choice of the German nation to alter it."

The President's words just quoted naturally constitute a condition precedent to peace, if peace is to come by the action of the German people themselves.

The President feels bound to say that the whole process of peace will, in his judgment, depend upon the definiteness and the satisfactory character of the guarantees which can be given in this fundamental matter.

It is indispensable that the Governments associated against Germany should know beyond peradventure with whom they are dealing.

The President will make a separate reply to the Royal and Imperial Government of Austria-Hungary.

(Signed) ROBERT LANSING.

OLD RECORDS IN SERVICE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 17.—Phonograph records that are not working are denounced as slackers. A campaign started in 500 cities of the United States to turn in all that are idle for the use of the Army and Navy.

WEST AHEAD WHILE BOND BUYING GAME THRILLS COUNTRY

Rival Cities Help Pile Up Billions as Nation Keeps Score

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT FIRST

President Carries Flag in Columbus Day Parade After His Appeal Boosts Subscriptions

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 17.—The St. Louis Federal District is whooping up the Liberty Loan and leads all districts joyously, and is so far ahead that it has lost its own dust.

The Minneapolis district is second and swearing it will wind up first or bust its boiler. The Boston district is third. Next in order come other western districts, making a regular Roman holiday of the East. But the East is working mightily and is undismayed by its enormous quota still to be raised.

Every district and city is watching every other district and city, with score cards and bulletins surrounded by crowds. The whole land is giving its entire attention to the new national game, in which everybody is a player.

The daily score is as follows:

OCTOBER 7—Wisconsin reaches nearly half its quota. The Boston district gains $17,500,000 for the day, running up its total to $199,000,000. The Cleveland district makes $120,000,000 for the day, of which Franklin county, including Columbus, produces $17,000,000. The city of San Francisco pledges $33,000,000 and the San Francisco district forks over $130,000,000 as a day's work. In New York City it is announced that 350,000 partial payment bonds have been sold up to October 7, all of them to small purchasers. The Federal Reserve Bank of New York district reports total sales to date are over $300,000,000. New York City schools report 85,000 sales totaling $7,750,000. Brooklyn knocks Manhattan schools cold by collecting $2,800,000 by itself.

St. Louis Tells Nation

OCTOBER 8—The St. Louis district toots everything that will toot to tell the nation it has raised half its quota. Minneapolis is second with 44 per cent of its quota, and Boston third with 30 per cent. The Kansas City district, starting in the race only on October 7, produces 12 per cent of its quota on the first jump. The Chicago district flies over 1,900 honor flags. Among the States, Indiana takes the lead, with Arkansas second, Kentucky third, Mississippi fourth, Illinois fifth and Missouri sixth. The New York district raises $31,000,000, making an aggregate for the first eight days of $337,000,000. Figures for the whole nation show a total of $1,600,000,000, with many collections unreported. J. P. Morgan & Co. buys $25,000,000, the same as it took in the third loan campaign. Brooklyn is again way ahead of Manhattan, with 39 per cent of its quota subscribed. The Cleveland district reports $120,000,000. The Dallas district reports that every county in drouth-stricken west Texas, has oversubscribed, even Mexican laborers buying bonds and the war relic train collecting $1,000,000.

OCTOBER 9—St. Louis gallops madly ahead with 66 per cent of its quota, Minneapolis being second with 49 per cent, Boston third with 44 per cent, and New York tenth with 21 per cent. But don't forget that New York is trying to raise almost as much as the whole first Liberty Loan. Seven counties of northern California reach their quota and two counties double it. A concert in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York gathers $23,000,000 in subscriptions, eight corporations subscribing over $1,000,000 each, six over $500,000 and six individuals subscribing more than $100,000 each. The New York public schools reach $13,700,000.

Two Billion Mark Passed

OCTOBER 10—The nation's total at the end of the day is $2,024,037,000 with lots of unreported sales. St. Louis is first with 67 per cent, Minneapolis gaining with 53 per cent, Boston breathing hard with 47 per cent and trying for second place, and San Francisco grabbing for Boston's coat tails with 42 per cent. Dallas comes a-roaring, jumps Chicago and pushes her out of fifth place. Dallas having 38 per cent, one per cent more than Chicago. Cleveland has 31 per cent and Richmond 31 per cent. Philadelphit is ninth with 26 per cent, but is madder than a hornet and appoints red hot loan days, with every device known to accelerate speed. New York has 25 per cent and Atlanta 23 per cent. Kansas City, only three days in the race, is last with 22 per cent, but is promising trouble for all the districts ahead of her. Detroit passes the wire as the first of the nation's cities over a half million population to reach 100 per cent of quota. It does this with the mere chickenfeed of $75,000,000, and says it will oversubscribe enough to show what real money is like. Four other large cities have reached their quota, Louisville, Hartford, Fall River and Duluth. Hartford goes $1,000,000 over its allotment and reports more coming fast. But St. Louis remains uncaught. New England reports a gain of $21,000,000, of which Boston alone raises $10,000,000. Honor flags are flying in 254 New England communities. The President's ringing message, warning the nation not to slacken efforts and declaring that oversubscription is of immense importance, has had a decided effect. Philadelphia added $15,000,000 during the day, and New York made a big jump ahead, increasing its record by $26,000,000 and making the total of the district for the first ten days $445,000,000.

Almost Three Billions

OCTOBER 11—The nation breaks well up toward the $3,000,000,000 mark, and is only beginning to fight.

OCTOBER 12—In a huge celebration of Columbus Day the whole country gives up business and pleasure of every sort and devotes itself to the single task of bond selling. Director General of Railroads McAdoo rouses Chicago to mighty efforts, and the President comes to New York to attend the magnificent Liberty parade. He leads it in person on foot, bearing the American flag, marching down Fifth Avenue from Seventy-second Street to Washington Square and getting such an ovation as few men have ever received. Flanked by his aide, Rear Admiral Carey D. Grayson, Brigadier General George R. Dyer, commander of the New York National Guard, and Secretary George P. Tumulty, the President passes through a densely packed lane lined by more than a half million people and is greeted by one vast roar of applause and confidence.

109 ORPHANS TAKEN; 266 NEEDED FOR 500

Continued from Page 1

our more or less tearful editorial appeal some weeks ago for red-headed orphans, we got a few scattering replies, none of which was very satisfactory.

One man—an Engineer—discovered a red-headed French orphan child which answered all the specifications except that it wasn't an orphan. A few red-headed ones did turn up, however, but they have all been allotted to earlier applicants. Just now we're experimenting with hair dye, though, and expect to be able to fill all orders soon.

One of the most liberal contributors to the orphan fund of one of the two companies which, between them, adopted ten children, was killed in action the day after he made his donation, and one of the children is to be adopted in his memory.

What the Boxing Show Did

The boxing tournament which netted enough to support two little children for a year was held at St. Cyr on September 19. At it were represented both French and Americans. It netted 1,111 francs, and the soldier promoters of the fête are going to swell this total with the profits of other boxing matches to be held each month "as long as the boxing carnivals make a hit."

The M.P.'s came in again—not such heartless fellows after all, those guys—one company taking two children. The aviators, conspicuous in the list of parrains in the before-the-Christmas-drive days, came to the fore again this week.

The — Aero Squadron sent for two little girls whose pictures are going to "hang in a frame made from the wood of an airplane which has already made history at the front." Flight C, — Aero Squadron, sent in an advance order for one child and the aerial observers of No. 9 Course, Second A.I.C., sent in 514 francs for one child. Listen to what the extra 14 francs was for:

"We want the picture and history of our child printed in your paper because we're all about to leave for other stations, and that is the only means we will have of getting the information. If this can't be done free, take the 14 francs over and let us know how much more is neded to pay for the space used in printing the picture and history."

Don't Know Their Man

Those aviators don't know our advertising manager. He doesn't think any more of an inch of space than he does of his girl back in Kansas City. Know how much space 14 francs will buy? Not much more than a line. We'll try to slip the picture by the boss in the news column some time between now and Christmas. Anyhow, we'll keep the money. We're cold turkey in this orphan business.

The bakers were heard from again with a new scheme for extracting francs from doughboys' pockets.

"Our method of collection is très simple," say the breadmakers. "When a man has been to the pay table he crosses out through a door closely guarded by the first sergeant. Said first sergeant is armed with a captured German helmet and a beatific (a little forced) smile. The combination is unbeatable. All the soldiers' beaucoup change goes into the helment impelled by the aforementioned beatific smile."

This scheme is recommended to any organization having a first sergeant who can smile beatifically.

Any company, platoon, detachment, office staff—in short, any unit or individual—can adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan simply by contributing 500 francs for its support for one year.

The money is sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES, and by it turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. The Red Cross itself stands all expenses incurred in administering the War Orphan funds. Thus, every cent contributed to take care of a Christmas War Orphan is spent on the actual care and comfort of the child.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised to adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan. But the sooner it is raised, the better. Christmas is not very far off, and it is up to the A.E.F. to give itself a merry Christmas by seeing to it that at least 500 needy orphans of French soldiers who have given their lives in defense of their country and the common principles for which both Frenchmen and Americans are fighting can look forward to a year filled not with anxiety, but with real Christmas happiness and good cheer.

This Week's Adoptions

Send all communications regarding the Christmas Gift War Orphans to THE STARS AND STRIPES, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

Orphans were adopted this week as follows:

Miss E. G. Hunter and Miss M. A. Cagnon, Tel. Unit	1
Lt. Patrick H. Fleming	1
"Beloit College, '15"	1
Camp Hosp. No. 15	6
Plant Const. Dept., D. of C. & F., S.O.S.	4
Co. A, —— M.G. Bn.	2
Co. B, —— Inf.	2
Lt. Fred C. Ruesskamp	1
—— Aero Const. Squadron	1
Co. A, —— Engrs.	2
Co. A, —— Bn., Tank Corps	3
Med. Detch., — F.A.	1
Co. B, —— Engrs. (Forestry)	4
Capt. Arthur M. Reed, Inf.	1
9th Course, Aerial Observers, 2nd A.I.C.	1
"Jerry"	1
Lt. Cedric C. French, F.A.	1
Flight C, —— Aero Squadron	1
Co. C, —— Regt., Trans. Corp.	1
Office of Chief Surgeon, Const. Dept.	1
Lt. H. F.	1
Lt. Rowland P. Manuel, Inf.	1
13th Co., —— M.M. Regt.	1
United Workers at St. Cyr	1
Co. B, —— Military Police	2
—— Aero Squadron	2
Co. M, —— Regt., T.C.	1
Lt. Hylan T. Woodson, Inf.	1
Chaplain P. H. Lovesque	1
Co. A and Hq. Detch., —— Engrs.	1
Lt. Wm. M. Parker, F.A.	1
Lt. J. A. Rountree, A.S.	1
Lt. R. D. Bedinger, A.S.	1
Battery E, —— F.A.	1
Enlisted Personnel, Base Hosp. No. 34	2
Motor Truck Co. No. ——	1
Catherine D. Wright, Y.M.C.A.	1
Personnel, War Risk Sect.	3
Pvt. N. S. Wolff, Base Hosp. No. 1	1
Office Chief Q.M., Adv. Sect., S.O.S.	1
Lt. Theodore K. Thurston, Inf.	1
Lt. C. B. MacDonald, —— Inf.	1
Battery E, —— F.A.	1
Unit ——, Army Nurses Corps	2
Lt. George L. Randall, Inf.	1
Bakery Co. ——	2
—— F.A.	16
Pvt. D. N. Van Arsdale	1
Co. A, —— Signal Bn.	1
Field Hosp. No. 303	1
Lt. Lawrence D. Chapman, C.A.C.	1
Detch. Med. Dept., Base Hosp. No. 25	1
Pvt. B. M. Leaman	1
Mrs. Richard B. Duane, Elberon, N. J.	1
Co. B, —— Am. Tn.	1
Battery C, — F.A.	1
White Enlisted Staff, —— Stevedore Bn.	1
White Enlisted Staff, —— Stevedore Bn.	1
Pvt. W. J. Heidrich	1
Mrs. Florence T. Handy	1
Co. A, —— Inf.	4
Co. B, —— Inf.	6
Supply Co., —— Inf.	1
Previously Adopted	125
Total	234

BATTLING BOB, REGIMENT'S PET, GETS HIS BOCHE

Hero Rides Mournfully to Rear on Machine Gun Carriage

As the men from Kansas and Missouri marched along the road on their way back to the rear for a rest after hurling back the Prussian Guard in the Argonne, a dismal, canine howl arose from somewhere within the ranks of the slowly moving column.

Perched on a machine gun carriage, an ugly wound over his left eye, which was covered by a gauze bandage, his body bearing other and less violent marks of battle, was Battling Bob, mascot of a certain Infantry regiment.

Battling Bob was only a black renegade pup a few months ago, but his history as a renegade has long since passed from memory, and he is now attached to the —— Infantry—so much attached that all the francs in the Banque de France couldn't buy him.

The day Private Wilkenson landed at a base port in France with his regiment he was much annoyed, and amused, too, by a black cur that insisted on following him all over town. At a restaurant he bought the dog a bone, gave it to him, then ran around a corner in the hope that the companionship would end then and there. But the pup deserted the bone and ran after Private Wilkenson, whereupon Private Wilkenson resigned himself to the ownership and proprietorship of the puppy, and carried him back to camp.

Terror to Other Dogs

All this happened several months ago, and is hardly worthy of mention here, except to prove the ancient proverb that it isn't always the best of society that makes the best showing in a pinch, especially in war.

The first month in camp Private Wilkenson's pup cleaned up on all the other dogs in town. He did such a thorough job of it that he was soon called The Battler, and later renamed Battling Bob.

Since then Battling Bob has been on several battle fronts, has been shelled, sniped at, gassed and, just the other day, bayoneted by a Boche.

Early on the morning that the Battle of the Argonne broke in all its fury, Private Wilkenson tucked Battling Bob safely away under a big empty box and turned his attention to other and more important matters.

Some hours later, while he was lying on his machine gun peppering away at a stronghold that was known to contain five Boches, he felt a long, wet tongue licking his cheek. Followed a low familiar whine.

Something happened to the mechanism of the machine gun, and it stuck. There was no time to lose, for the steady fire had the Germans seeking cover. Private Wilkenson drew his pistol and rushed the stronghold. And with him rushed Battling Bob.

Three Germans fell before Wilkenson's pistol. By then the pistol clip was empty. There was no time to replace it, and there were two Germans still to be reckoned with. The rest of the job would have to be a hand to hand battle, with the odds in favor of the Boches.

When reinforcements came up, Wilkenson's fingers had closed like a vise on the throat of the largest German, but before the German had sunk into unconsciousness he had stabbed Wilkenson twice under the left arm.

A few feet away the second German was waving a bayonet about and trying hard to free himself from a black object that clung to his shoulder with sharp teeth. The teeth sank deeper and deeper into the flesh of the Hun's right shoulder.

The Americans carried both Battling Bob and his master back to the rear, and as they marched along the dog kept curling his lips at the German, uttering low, deep growls to show his American comrades that he was willing to finish the job if they would only give him the chance.

Private Wilkenson was sent to a field hospital and Battling Bob's wounds were dressed at a first aid station.

As the divisional column moved on again, Battling Bob raised his head and whined. But he did not whine because of his pain.

"Is matching two-sou pieces a game of chance,"

"No, it's a setting up exercise."

BRITISH GENERAL BESTOWS PRAISE ON YANK DIVISION

Continued from Page 1

corresponding numbers on the chart showed the number of men who might conveniently be quartered in each. It worked out beautifully.

The Hun was pushed out of the way too quickly to do much damage to the region, despite the bitterness of his resistance. Only three booby traps were found, and Engineers pulled the fangs of these before they could cause any trouble. Due caution was used, however. Every suspicious shovel handle or stake protruding from the Picardy mud was carefully tied to a rope and jerked out from a safe distance. If a piece of the landscape disappeared with the removal of the stick, then the Engineers knew it had been a mine.

Many False Scents

Roads were searched for trip wires and other wily plants with the persistence of a man on the trail of a lost 20 franc note. As mines were discovered, the fangs were immediately removed, and the charge itself taken out of harm's way as early as possible.

The Engineer's trail, of course, lay mostly among false scents, for it was only by taking the greatest possible precautions with fake alarms that they could hope to discover the genuine article.

Someone reported to an Engineer officer the discovery of what looked like a particularly ingenious infernal machine. It was of white porcelain, about the size of a grenade, with wires attached and a projection that bore every resemblance to a regulation detonator. It lay half buried in the mud, a fearful looking object.

An Engineer duly cut the wire and extracted the grenade. It proved to be an ornamental pendulum, weighted down with sand, that had somehow been blown away intact when somebody's house crumbled into brickdust and somebody's clock vanished in a spray of springs and wheels at the touch of a shell.

CLOCK BACK, MONEY SAVED

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 17.—The Fuel Administration estimates that the coal saved in seven months by turning all clocks ahead one hour amounts to 1,250,000 tons, and Senator Calder, author of the daylight savings bill, places the cash saving to the people in gas at $2,000,000. For the District of Columbia the actual money saving as shown by the figures of the Washington gas companies was $60,000. St. Louis reports a saving of seventeen and a half tons of coal per thousand population.

The increasing thrift of the American people is further illustrated in the latest report of the New York City postal authorities. Despite Liberty Bonds and War Saving Stamps investments, the city postal deposits increased $345,000 in September. The entire amount now on deposit in the New York postal district is $34,000,000, and constantly increasing.

Second Looey: Don't you ever salute officers?

Private (doing it): Yessir, frequently.

51 WOMEN SEEKING YORK STATE OFFICES

Liberty Loan Drive Backs Political Campaign Off Map

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 17.—The Fourth Liberty Loan campaign has definitely backed the political campaign off the boards and will leave only ten days clear for candidates before election.

If New York City registration is an index, indications are that public interest in this year's Congressional elections is pretty intense, for the registration in New York City to date totals almost 650,000, and there is a likelihood of this mark reaching a million before registration ends.

A very large registration of women is causing deep pain among anti-suffragists and excessive thoughtfulness among politicians, who cannot figure out quite how or where the big vote will drop. Two hundred and fifty thousand women to 360,000 men is the registration so far.

The total number of women candidates in New York State for local State and Federal offices is 51. They represent all parties. An interesting point is that in most of the New York State districts where women were nominated they were nominated by parties that rarely or never have won in those districts. Thus, the election figures will offer interesting lessons.

BLOW AT CHILD LABOR

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 17.—The War Labor Policies Board has called attention to the fact that Government contracts provide against the employment of child labor. No child under 14 is to be employed at all, and children between 14 and 16 may be worked only eight hours a day.

Q.M. MUST HAVE LOST

"Lose anything coming over?"

"Not exactly. It was all stuff that I collected right on the boat."

THE STORY OF THE BELEAGURED BATTALION

It is part of the shining record of the American batallion which was surrounded for five interminable days in the Forest of Argonne, as narrated in these columns last week, that, on the fifth day, when hope was at its faintest, there came to the weak and famished garrison of that wild ravine a beguiling offer to surrender. The offer was contemptuously ignored.

It came at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of October 7, came when the strength of the besieged garrison was almost spent.

Since the night of October second, this batallion, drawn from a regiment that likes to call itself "New York's Own" and commanded by Major Charles Whittlesey, had held its position against daily attacks. Since then they had watched the vain efforts of the aircraft to reach them with instructions and rations, heard the vain but unremitting efforts of companion regiments to fight a way through the strong force of encircling Germans.

Little Hope Left

Now, late on the fifth day, there was no reason to suppose that help was any nearer. And there was every reason to suppose that they could not hold out many hours longer—hold out, that is against death from hunger and exposure.

Certainly they were no longer in any condition to fight off another such attack in force as had been made at the end of the first day. Then a formidable enemy detachment had been thrown against the isolated battalion only to recoil in the face of such a blast from our machine guns, such a shower of hand grenades, such a cool, keen-eyed fire from the automatics that they never tried it again, but settled down to starve the stubborn Yankees out.

Another such attack on the last day would have carried the ravine. By that time the munitions were almost gone. The stock of hand grenades had dwindled low. Of the two gallant machine gun detachments that had sustained the flanks the commanders had been killed. Of the eleven machine guns themselves, all but three had been put out of business. Of the boxes of machine gun ammunitions, only five were left.

One Day's Iron Rations

But it was the weakness of the men themselves that had so reduced the force of that little garrison.

To begin with, they had brought with them only enough iron rations to see them meagerly through the first day. Many had not eaten then, so willingly and so thriftily were they husbanding the food supply for the wounded. Then all the bread and chocolate dropped from the airplanes had fallen within reach of the Germans.

Now, on October 7, they were chewing leaves and washing them down with water brought at night from the little spring at the bottom of the ravine.

Lack of food, and the long days and nights spent in the damp, chill forest without coats or blankets, had so told on them that the outposts could not keep awake, and on the 6th and 7th the dead had to lie unburied at their side. There was no finding a burial squad with enough strength left to do the work.

Bid for Surrender

It was to such a batallion that the bid for a surrender was made. It was brought to the major by one of his command who had been taken prisoner.

This soldier was one of nine who, without orders and with out telling any officer of their intention, had gone forth on an independent effort to break through to the main American force in the forest below. Of this luckless nine, five were killed outright. The other four were wounded.

The least seriously wounded was embraced by the Germans, stuffed with warm food, cheered with beer and cigarettes and sent back to the ravine as an envoy. He was led there blindfolded, led by a circuitous route and pushed toward his own lines with a white flag in one hand and a letter in the other.

This letter, composed in English and neatly typewritten on a sheet of good paper, was addressed to the commanding officer of the isolated battalion. It read:

Sir: The bearer of the present has been taken prisoner on October —. He refused to the German intelligence officer every answer to his questions and is quite an honorable fellow, doing honor to his Fatherland in the strictest sense of the word.

He has been charged against his will, believing it doing wrong to his country in carrying forward this present letter to the officer in charge of the second battalion — Infantry, with the purpose to recommend this commander to surrender with his forces, as it would be quite useless to resist any more in view of the present situation.

The suffering of your wounded men can be heard in the German lines and we are appealing to your human sentiments.

A white flag shown by one of your men will tell us that you agree with these conditions. Please treat —— as an honorable man. He is quite a soldier. We envy you.

THE GERMAN COMMANDING OFFICER.

Already in the Forest of Argonne there is an unquestioned legend which says that Major Whittlesey's answer was written in three words on a piece of crumpled paper, wrapped around a stone and thrown into the German lines, and that those three words were "Go to hell."

The Legend of the Argonne

This is pure legend. He sent no such answer. He sent no answer at all. What he did was to send some one out to take immediately in from their place on the hillside the white cloth panels which served to signal to the friendly aircraft the exact location of the battalion. The American commander did this lest the German commander should mistake them for a white flag of surrender and think for one moment that his proposition had been accepted.

That was at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of October 7. At 7 that evening while the exhausted men lay crouched in waiting for an attack they knew in the bottom of their hearts would finish them, the word flashed from dugout to dugout, like electric sparks leaping in the darkness, that a brother regiment had fought its way to their side; that this time the attack, which had been faintly heard in the gathering dusk, had succeeded; that relief had come at last to New York's Own.

A few moments later the men of that brother regiment were stripping the iron rations from their own backs and rushing them along by jubilant, grinning runners to the men of Major Whittlesey's command.

Could Have Cut Way Back

The full beauty of this chapter in American history cannot be felt till it is realized that when, on the morning of October 3, the tidings from the runners showed that he was surrounded, Major Whittlesey could easily have cut his way back. It is probable that at any time during the first two days he could have cut his way back, though each hour the task would have become more difficult, so steadily was the surrounding party reinforced.

Later, the battalion was far too weak to have attempted such a move. But, while it was still quite feasible, the idea, never seriously considered, was rejected for two reasons.

In the first place, the commander of the battalion had been ordered to advance rapidly and at whatever cost through more than a mile of treacherous jungle; to station himself in that ravine by the Charlevaux Mill, not far from Binarville, and to hold it as the division line until such time as elements could come abreast of him on either side.

Met With Heavy Resistance

It did not matter that these elements had obviously met with unexpectedly reavy resistance. It did not matter that later and possibly contradictory instructions had failed to reach him. There he was on the northern slope of a ravine that protected him from the German artillery and that kept the greater part of his position shielded from an industrious trench mortar which had opened up at the side.

From there, and so reporting, he had sent up all the pigeons he had brought, and he had not let a day go by without making vain efforts to send runners through the German lines. No word from the division or regiment had reached him, no word of any kind, though he knew by the message cylinders seen falling from the airplanes, only to be lost like needles in a haystack, that an effort was being made to send instructions to him. So he had only his original orders. By those he must abide.

That was the first reason.

The second reason, the one that appealed to all the men and hushed every dissenting voice, was the fact that in the advance 80 men had been wounded. To fight their way back would have meant deserting the 80. It was unthinkable. Then each hour added fresh names to the list of wounded, each name a fresh reason why the battalion must hold the ravine at all costs.

Brotherhood of the Besieged

Among the men who came alive out of that ravine was visible a fraternity that had not, and could not have, existed when they went in, the brotherhood of the besieged. Approach any one of them today and their first and last word on their experience is always a word in devoted praise of "our major," the officer around whom they rallied and whose steady, dauntless spirit saw them through.

"Our major"—he is Lieutenant Colonel Whittlesey now—is a product of Plattsburg, a Williams College man, who, in the dim forgotten days before April, 1917, lived at 136 East Fortyfourth Street, New York, and practiced law down at 2 Rector Street, where the Sixth Avenue L thunders by on its way to the Battery.

It is of the stamina of the men that Colonel Whittlesey speaks—speaks in wonder and admiration. He had known them first at Camp Upton, an unpromising miscellany of youngsters, going forth to war from Fifth Avenue and from the lower East Side, truck drivers, collegians, dressmakers, sweatshop workers, actors, clerks, idlers, all the stuff of which New York is made. How one and all they proved true, steadfast, honorable American soldiers that is their commander's story.

And, Gothamite though he is, you may be sure he does not fail to withhold some of the praise from New York, but insists fiercely that it be shared with certain rangy replacements from Oregon who leavened the lump.

He speaks particularly of a New York broker who was in command of one detachment. Though wounded slightly in the leg the first day, and though later so outstanding a target that a German potato masher caromed off his shoulder before exploding, this officer was always up and at them every time the German hand grenade throwers came stealing down over the crest through the underbrush nor did he collapse till long after the relief had come and he had been able to see every last one of his men attended to.

Colonel Whittlesey likes to tell, too, of one cheery lieutenant who, until he was killed, displayed always an infectious cheeriness, always smiling, always until the very last, as bright and shining as if he had just prepared for inspection.

Caring for the Wounded

Above all, he likes to tell how the little food stock was scraped and hoarded for the wounded and how cheerfully the few coats and blankets that had been carried forward through the forest were heaped on those who lay hurt on the hillside.

He has a warm place in his heart for three runners, one a little stenographer from New York who was killed in his course on the fifth night, and two others who, in the last hours, though the forest was as black as midnight, did somehow manage to work their way through to the relieving force. They were Clifford R. Brown, of Asheville, New York, and Stanislaw Kozikowski, of Mazpeth, L. I.

But perhaps the warmest place of all is for two young privates of the Medical Department, who, in the absence of any surgeon, took charge of the wounded, working with them night and day so faithfully that when the relief came at last they dropped feebly in their tracks and had to be carried out on stretchers.

To name these few is just to give in stances from a heroic chapter in the story of the fight which made the Argonne Forest part of America, a fight which began at dawn on September 26 and did not end until October 11, when the last living German had been pushed out of the forest. By then, under steady fire from the German guns, Yankee Engineers were pushing bridges across the swift waters of the Aire, which runs along the northern fringe of the woods.

The Americans had moved 17 kilometers through an almost impassable jungle, a bewildering succession of steep hills and deep ravines covered with heavy underbrush, above which rises here and there the skeleton of a dead tree, stray remnants of an earlier forest which, when seen in silhouette along the successive crests, look like teeth in a broken and shattered comb.

In the Glory of Autumn

Through mile after mile of this jungle the Americans worked their way through the interlacing strands of barbed wire, and despite the steady fire from hundreds upon hundreds of machine guns, some of them so planted that the advancing platoons would come within a few feet of them before they were discovered.

It was still the old Forest of Argonne which has played so big a part in the story of France, the same dismaying forest which a century and a quarter ago, proved the undoing of a proud Prussian host which marched against the untried soldiers of the newborn French revolution, marched to defeat at the Battle of Valmy.

Quite suddenly the other day it flung forth its autumn colors. Indeed, to those watching from the nearby hillsides, it seemed as if it was on that historic October 7 that the Forest of Argonne blazed all at once into russets and golds and purples, and here and there a scarlet tree, as though its roots had drunk deep of young American blood spent freely for an eternal cause once more defended on those hills.

[U.S. Army Official Photograph]

This used to be a grove in the great forest of Argonne. Doughboys rest in the mopping-up process

XMAS LABELS GO OUT

Christmas package labels are now in the hands of virtually every one in the A.E.F. This conclusion is based on the fact that the week saw their delivery to organizations quarters more or less permanently in certain civilized centers—so far as permanency goes in this or any other army's location—and also to units recently arrived in some of the most out-of-the-way corners of the Western front, including the American troops fighting with the British on the war-worn stretches beyond the Hindenburg line.

The package plan, has not, however, been received with unmixed approval. A cook in a certain Artillery outfit says of the way he thinks the idea will work out: "In a nutshell, the way it's going to be is punk." The punk, says Cookie, consists in the fact that he supposes "whoever made the order didn't stop to think that sending home these said labels is like asking for a gift."

A French Girl's Suggestion

Exactly. That's the whole idea. But this is war, and the only alternatives to the one-man-one-package plan are (1) as many packages as your friends care to send, which would mean a dozen or so to a man and the holding up of several boatloads of ammunition for the guns of the cook's Artillery regiment, or (2) no packages at all.

"A French girl" has this suggestion:

"Reading your paper of Friday last, I saw that every soldier in the A.E.F. was to receive a package from home for Christmas, and that those who had no family would receive their packages from the A.R.C.

"Why should not French people take the place of the A.R.C. and send packages to these soldiers? Those unlucky boys having no folks at home won't mind their packages being sent from America or from France, and they have done so much for us, and we can do so little for them."

The inference is—and a very kind inference, too—that "a French girl" would be glad to send a package if she knew whom to send it to, and that there are many more like her. Unfortunately, she does not sign the letter or give any clue to her address.

Ideal Suggestions Come In

Suggestions as to the ideal Christmas package, requested from the whole Army last week by THE STARS AND STRIPES, have come in with a slowness which indicates that the A.E.F. is thinking deeply about the package situation, or, rather, the package contents, before it commits itself.

Food is so far the headliner on all the lists. Food—including candy, if Dr. Wiley and Mr. Hoover don't object—appears to be the Army's great standby. The great demand for food from the Army's Christmas package recipients-to-be is not, however, a slur on the Cooks' and Mess Sergeants' Union. The food desired is of a sort which that organization, no matter how skilled and generous its members, cannot supply.

Cake, with special emphasis on the fruit variety, will occupy every airhole in many a 9x4x3 package, if the folks back home live up to specifications. Candy, particularly the kind that lasts longest, such as the well-known chocolate-coated caramel, will be crammed into the three-pound limit in many more.

There is a consistent demand for wrist watches, but whether a wrist watch will be included in the ideal package suggestions which THE STARS AND STRIPES is going to cable home in three or four weeks depends on how unanimous that demand becomes in the interval.

Many Want Surprises

Many soldiers, of course, are simply sending their coupons home with the request that the resultant bundle be strictly a surprise affair. This proves that even a rowdy Army has not forgotten its fireplace and stocking days.

Photographs of the family and friends, as groups or individuals, have a large place in many suggestions. Writes one officer to his wife:

"Please send a box full of tooth paste (a lot of it), two or three sticks of —'s shaving soap, and a triple lot of our family doctor's celebrated cold capsules. And a new picture of each one of you."

Some enterprising photographer—a whole lot of him, in fact—should be able to reap a harvest anywhere and everywhere in the U.S.A. by getting out a mount that will fit conveniently in a 9x4x3 package. Millions of photographs are certain to be included in those Christmas bundles.

The plan of THE STARS AND STRIPES, as announced last week, is simply to make up, from the lists sent in by members of the A.E.F., several ideal packages to guide home selection.

These suggestions are to be cabled home for publication in ample time to be acted on before the closing date for delivery to local postmasters—November 20.

"What's on for tonight?"

"I'm going to call on the wife of a Dutch general."

"Whosit?"

"Madame Van Blank."

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1918.

THE STARS AND STRIPES now is printed at the plant of *Le Journal* in Paris, one of the most completely equipped newspaper printing plants in the world. Through the courtesy of the secretary general, M. Le Page, the presses of *Le Journal* were made available to us at a time when the problem of printing this paper (300,000 this week, and still going up) had become serious. This connection insures uniform, first quality printing of the entire issue.

The typographical work of THE STARS AND STRIPES will continue to be done in the composing room of the Paris office of the *London Daily Mail*, which was the first of our journalistic friends to extend a helping hand in the days of our recent infancy.

It is to the courtesy of these two papers, the one French, the other British, actuated by the same idea of helpfulness and cooperation which exists between the Allied nations as a whole, that this American paper on foreign soil owes a share of the modest success which it has achieved.

ONCE AND FOR ALL

Germany wants peace, with her armies in the field still intact. As we interpret the expressions on the subject of peace being received by this newspaper, the American doughboy in France wants no peace until the German armies have been crushed by the decisive Allied victory which the German leaders know is remorselessly ahead, and which, once received, will make it impossible for them ever to try again (as is now in their minds) for world conquest. The American soldier in France wants the job of literally and figuratively "beating hell" out of Germany completed once and for all, now.

WHICH SALUTE?

Many expert photographers have tried to take successful pictures of the American salute. It is no fault of the photographers, but no two of the pictures are alike. The reason is that no two of the salutes are alike.

Most American soldiers, however, agree in one detail of the salute. They duck their heads. The result is a semi-bow, semi-stoop, semi-anything.

It is not the fault of the men who salute or the officers who answer it. It is the fault of the salute itself.

Turn, now, to the French. The French salute keeps the head up for the simple physiological reason that the natural flexing of the shoulder muscles makes it easier for the head to stay up. To let the head drop is an effort—not a very hard one, but an effort, none the less. In our salute it is an effort to keep the head up.

Which salute is the finer, the more dignified, the more military?

THE DAY OF REDEMPTION

St. Quentin, Lens, Armentières delivered, Cambrai purged of the Hun's four years' presence, Rheims freed from the threat of a grip that has vainly sought to close its bloody fingers about it—one by one the cities of France are being restored to her.

Not for months and years will they be the populous places they once were, but already their ruin-littered streets re-echo to the friendly tread of figures in khaki and horizon blue. For each of them the day of redemption has come. Behind the receding German line the flames of other cities redden the night sky with the most portentious distress signal that the forces of cowering militarism have ever sent up.

It is not only the cities that are being redeemed. Between them lie stretches of once blooming countryside, dotted in years gone with the red-tiled roofs of clustering farm villages. It is land that is being redeemed. It is France.

We are warned not to estimate the success of a military operation by the territory which it recovers; we know that a war may be won anywhere the victorious blow happens to be struck; that Napoleon was beaten in Belgium; that the crucial battle of our own Revolution was fought some miles north of Albany, N. Y.; that Bulgaria was beaten in Serbia.

We know all this, and yet the certitude of victory grows more certain to us as the Hun yields up mile after mile, village after village, city after city, yields it up with such anguish of heart as we, on our side, can but very dimly imagine.

THE IMPOSSIBLE

Statistics seldom tell a finer story than those published in this paper last week on the arrival of American troops in France, the receipt of war material of all sorts at the base ports, and the record which the S.O.S. is making in handling that material.

More than 768,000 tons of freight discharged from steamers and stored or sent forward by train, a daily average of 25,588 tons of food, clothing, shells, powder, guns, medical supplies; 311,969 men, 10,398 every day, a soldier every eight and one-half seconds; 125 standard gauge freight cars put in service in one day, a total of more than 10,000 U.S.A. freight cars now in service; eight locomotives assembled and commissioned every day for the month, making a total of over 1,000 American locomotives hauling troops and supplies in France.

Ponder these figures. They are an epitome of one of the most remarkable industrial and military achievements in history. They are an indication of the extent to which America has "gone to war"—an extent which the Germans said, and perhaps believed, was impossible. In these figures of the impossible accomplished the Germans can read their certain end, the end which a few at least of the calmer minds in Germany already see.

SALUTING THE WOUNDED

When a Marine on service in the United States encounters a brother Marine who has been wounded in France and sent home, he snaps him a salute. Officers in that way salute plain buck privates, for the custom has spread, so the report runs, to all ranks of the Marines now in America.

The wounded man does not return the salute; often he cannot. He simply smiles or nods his recognition of it, just as it pleases him to do.

The other day, in France, two wounded doughboys, their saluting arms in slings and their heads swathed in bandages, were out on pass, taking the air in the hospital town. Along the street came a French colonel, an elderly, dignified gentleman, in full uniform, whose decorations betokened hard and daring fighting in previous wars and whose left arm bore the chevrons denoting four years' service at the front in this war.

He took one look at the two battered Yanks. Then he raised his right hand to the salute.

ONE OF THE 500

"I was born at Pont-à-Mousson, a pretty town on the Moselle, and I was very happy there until 1914," writes little Yvonne Lorange, aged 11. "Father was a plasterer and made good wages. Mother kept the house, and my two brothers and I went to school, where we worked our best.

"On Sundays Father worked in the garden the whole morning; it was so pretty, that garden, with the squares of nice vegetables and the beautiful flowers. In the afternoon everybody went out for a walk. We used to go up to the Bois-le-Prêtre, and Father and Mother used to sit at the Pére Hilarion's fountain and we children played about and gathered flowers under the big trees that now are gone.

"Unfortunately, the war broke out. Father started the very first evening to join his regiment, the 226th Infantry. He was grave, grave, and kissed us, saying: 'Be good, listen to your Mother, work well at school and think about your Papa who is going to defend France.' For a year Mother received letters regularly, and then nothing more. . . .

"After many investigations, Mother heard that he had been reported 'missing' since the fight of Givenchy-en-Goelle, during the third battle of Artois in September, 1915. I heard that sad news in Algiers, where the children of Pont-à-Mousson had been taken in May, 1915, when the bombardment was frightful, and we could not live night and day in the cellars. . . .

"I am very glad to know that, not only are you pleased to help the French orphans, you will also give us soldiers to drive the Huns away. It will be easy work for you! I love you already, but I shall love you still more when you have given Mother her home again."

SAME OLD DAME

If there were no Essen, there would be no German army. The people of Essen must be kept in better humor, perhaps, than even the people of Berlin. If a wild rumor gets started at Essen, it has to be killed more quickly than it would anywhere else in all Germany. Here are a few of the rumors which the commandant of Essen has recently been kept busy suppressing:

Hindenburg has committed suicide.
The German armies have joined the Anglo-French forces.
Whole regiments have refused to obey orders.
The British fleet has attacked and destroyed Heligoland.

These rumors are reported here, not that you who read may sit back and laugh at the discomfiture of the people who make Germany's guns, but to show that old Dame Rumor is the most neutral of all neutrals.

Stories as extravagant as these, though of a more optimistic color, have been running more or less riot throughout the A.E.F., particularly in recent weeks. Here is one:

A distinguished visitor arrived at an important A.E.F. center very early in the morning—before reveille, in fact. Word that something big was in the wind got into one barracks, and, without resort to a bugle, everybody began hurriedly to dress.

What was going on? Nobody knew, but within a few seconds the story that peace had been declared was sweeping through that barracks—and being believed.

Don't laugh at Essen.

REACTIONS

Whence does an army draw its morale, that victory in itself which leads to other victories and in the end accomplishes the final victory?

What, in particular, is the source of the American Army's morale?

Do the men at the ports and through the S.O.S. toil the harder for the knowledge that Montfaucon and Consenvoye and Cernay have fallen?

Do the men on the advancing Argonne line fight the harder for the knowledge that a united nation is lending its government billions of dollars as a practical proof of its devotion?

Are the people at home heartened by the thought that the armies of Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, a wall against which the German tide has dashed for four years, are now a moving wall, moving inexorably eastward? Are they heartened by the spectacle of Serbia, wholly overrun by her neighbors, rising and striking, with the aid of her Allies, so fiercely that one of those neighbors makes up its mind straightaway that this is a good war to get out of?

The answer to each and all of these questions is simply yes. You may turn the terms around any way you choose—the result will be the same. Encouragement thrives on encouragement; success leads to success. Everything that inspires morale reacts to inspire more of it. There is no end; there is no beginning.

The Army's Poets

LAD O' MINE

It's thinking of ye
That I am,
Me darlin',
Thinkin' of ye
As ye used to be
Wid yer little curls
A-fallin',
And yeslif
A-climbin' up my knee.
Ye would scrooch
And scrunt amazin'
And clap yer fists
In glee
When it's yeslif
Yer dad was praisin'
For bein' so
The like o' me.

I'm thinkin' of ye,
That I am,
Me darlin',
Thinkin' of ye
As ye are today—
Sure the Riverind's
Been callin'
To steal my thoughts
Away;
But it's worryin'
And weepin'—
Are ye hurt?
And is it bad?
Are ye sound
Or are ye sleepin'?
Sure, I'm thinkin' of
ye, lad!

It's thinkin' of ye,
That I am,
Me darlin',
Thinkin' of yer letter
And yer love,
Thinkin' of the
Look of ye,
And thankin' God
above
That it's spared
Ye are, me darlin',
For yet a longer
while—
Sure I'm thinkin' of
ye, darlin',
And yer blarney,
And yer smile.

M. G.

OCTOBER IN THE LINES

'Tis seldom that the guns are silent where we are
And yet, sometimes, they seem to pause for rest,
And when they do, my fancies wander just as far
As if it were October in our nest;
As if the nest were built as we had planned it then,
As if I shrugged my shoulders in the crowd,
Brushed off the dying leaf and hustled in
To find you humming, singing half aloud
And weaving whisps of dreams before the fire,
And waiting in our land of Heart's Desire.

Few are the evenings of the red October sun
That, dying out beyond a hill in France,
Can yield the beauties of another one
When love and lips and autumn met by chance;
Few are the golden glows within the dreamer's eye
Not marred by splinters of the bursting shell,
Where wild hyenas of the air shriek through the sky
So close they hiss one's name, and, nearer, tell
One's buried sins of long ago, and then—
Explode beyond—and miss—and leave us—men!

Ah, Love, tonight the red October leaf is down,
A garb of fancy, withered in the sun,
As if the soul within the oak had shed her gown
To cloak her figure with a sterner one:
So does your soldier throw aside the dreamer's skein
To be rewoven in some dusk with you,
For fancy will be sweeter when it comes again
And love will know a cost to hold it true;
And thus he goes, as one who knows he will
Emerge a victor—yet your dreamer still.

J. P. C.

DER TAG

(In answer to the German toast, "Der Tag," in which the German war lords toasted the time when Deutschland would be "uber alles.")

Here's to the day when the whole thing is won!
Here's to the day when the Kaiser is done!
Here's to the day when we break his swelled dome!
Here's to the day that we go marching home!

Long restless nights
With cursed cootie bites
Things of the past!
Hot baths at last
Real dollar bills!
No more O.D. pills!

Chicken instead of our canned willy chow!
All of the ice cream the law will allow!
Mess in the way we want to be messed!
Dress in the way we like to be dressed!

Neckties and suits!
No more salutes!
A nice, comfy bed
With a mattress instead
Of some billet floor
That makes your ribs sore.

The day when we no longer blister our heels,
But know how a ride in the old subway feels!
The day that we no longer parlez Francais,
But speak once again in the good old home way!

Keep running, Fritz, like you're now on the run,
And before very long you will be a licked Hun,
With "Der Tag" that you toasted time-worn and passé,
While we drink triumphantly: Here's to Our Day!

Corp. HOWARD J. GREEN, Inf.

THE LOST TOWNS

Beneath the new moon sleeping
The little lost towns lie;
Their streets are very white and hushed,
Their black spires tilt the sky.

Across the darkened meadows
A plaintive night bird calls;
The sea of fog that clouds the fields
Rolls softly to their walls.

Within their shuttered houses
No midnight candles glance;
Their womenfolk are all abed,
Their menfolk fight for France.

They dream, the little lost towns
Of Alsace and Lorraine,
The vision of the patient years,
The old frontier again.

Sleep on, nor cease your dreaming,
Who pitted men and crowns,
We'll bring you back, we'll bring you back,
Oh, little, long lost towns.

Pvt. STEUART M. EMERY.

GETTIN' LETTERS

When you're far away from home an' you're feelin' kind o' blue,
When the world is topsy turvy, nothin' sets jest right for you,
Yuh can sneer at all yer troubles, an' yer cares yuh never mind,
When you've really had a letter from the Girl yuh left behind.

When the cook is downright nutty, an' his biskits never raise,
When he feeds yuh canned tomatoes for jes' seventeen straight days,
You can lift yer chin an' whistle, an' that's him fairly kind,
If you've really had a letter from the Girl yuh left behind.

When the Captain's got a grouch on, an' has bawled yuh out for fair,
When some pesky Lieut has sassed yuh which to home he wouldn't dare,
Yuh can lift you chin an' whistle, an' that's easy, yuh will find,
If you've really had a letter from the girl yuh left behind.

When a letter comes yuh grab it right before the other guys
An' yuh git a little vision of the light that's in Her eyes;
Yuh can see Her smiles an' dimples, an' fer other girls you're blind
When you've really had a letter from the Girl yuh left behind.

Jest a sheet or two of paper with a purple stamp of two,
But it means the whole creation to the heart an' soul o' you,
An' yuh git to feelin' pious, an' yuh pray a bit, yuh mind,
Fer the great Almighty's blessin' on the Girl yuh left behind.

E. C. D., Field Hospital.

AFTER THE WAR

Along the granite passes
Ye will find me if ye seek—
In the ranges where the prisoned ages frown;
Beside the tumbling waters
Fed from off a distant peak,
Where an avalanche of sky is pouring down!

Along the mirrored fringes,
Where the shore line Norways stand,
By the silent pools that dot the northern trails:
Where God has chiseled sermons
In his own and mighty hand,
And the loon, a jeering unbeliever, wails.

The wind that courses wildly
Down the scented forest lanes,
I shall breathe until fairly drunken with its wines:
(Like ardent, fiery liquor
To my jaded, slugging veins,
Is the bonny, balsam odor of the pines).

And then, surfeit with nature,
I shall lay me down to rest
In a languid, dreamless, woodland sort of way,
As the sun is hanging pendant
In the airways of the West
Like a medal pinned upon the breast of day!

ALBERT JAY COOK.

THEN WE WILL HAVE PEACE

SEEING HER SON

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I live on the top of a hill, in downtown Los Angeles. Beneath me, all day the north and southbound traffic roars through the Hill Street tunnel. Across the street from me, all day, a comedy movie bunch makes uproarious pictures, to the tune of cracking crockery and crescendo curses from a leather-lunged director. And all around me children, brown and white and yellow, shriek their various tongues. But today I have been oblivious. I have not been here, but in France.

For many weary moons I have read and re-read my few and scanty letters from over there, seeking, by patient application, to find in them a picture of life as it is lived by our boys. (I have only one of my very own in France, but others have sat "at the hearthstone of my heart" and gone away those many miles, leaving their place warm.) And I have read column after column of the work of the correspondents, seeking the simple knowledge of simple things, and the atmosphere of every day. Once in a while some illuminating touch would lift the curtain for a moment, and then it would fall igain.

But today a magician arrived. He was dressed as a postman, but that must have been camouflage. And he cried, as I was leaving the house, "Wait! See what I've brought ye! An' I wonder could I buy one of 'em offen ye." What he brought me was a huge bundle of THE STARS AND STRIPES, numbered one to twenty-five, and neither he nor any other can buy one of 'em offen me, but I would expect to be pursued by a Nemesis of sorts if I failed to give him two or three and distribute them generally where it looks as if they would do the most good. Only the first four and the last one I mean to keep forever and forever and forever.

All day I have been reading with chokes and chuckles, heedless alike of din or dinner, And it is evening now and I have to go out to make a talk to a W.S.S. society. This morning I was empty-headed. Now I am embarrassed with riches. And, best of all, the gray mist, which swallowed so much I cared about, has lifted, and thanks to you. I can visualize the boys—all of them. I don't pretend to say I have carefully read all twenty-five closely packed papers in the seven hours I have been at it, but I do claim to have gleaned enough to keep me from starvation while I go over them more slowly, one by one.

Just now the last impression on my mind comes from the issue of July 26. The story is under the caption, "One Man and a Battle Sixty Miles Long." I wish, in passing, to extend some sort of laurel to the writer. I think I know a classic when I see one. One does not need a de luxe binding to aid in the recognition of that writer's genius, who can put with such gripping force so simple, undressed a tale before the world, I wish I could learn he was new at the business, so obsessed by his subject that he allowed it to write itself—but that is not possible. More probably, by far, he is a shining light in the world of newspaper men. Ordinary writers could not have kept that story so dramatically simple.

I do not think it is given to mere men to understand their mothers. They love and idealize them, but had this paper been edited for them alone, the wonderful touch that gives the boys back again would not be there. So, while I am glad your work is for the men, that very fact enables me to thank you for the mothers. I can see my own son, at last (a youngster in the Field Artillery, whose name I ran across in one of the papers, by the way!) in some other setting than fog.

I am due in the East for my Thanksgiving dinner—if Mr. Hoover is willing—and when I am settled I shall send you my subscription. In the meantime, allow me, with congratulations, to sign myself.

MARGARET B. WELDON,
407 Court Street, Los Angeles.

LIBERTY MEASLES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In line with the housecleaning of the world now well under way, the American Red Cross Military Hospital, No. 9 (Skin Hospital), begs to announce its change of name of the disease known as German measles to "Liberty Measles." We recommend its adoption by all Allied medical officers.

W. H. MOOK, Capt., M.C.

THEY CALL IT A DAY IN THE ARMY

Through the blackness of the morning the three shrill blasts of the whistle rasped, grating the ears, and rousing to semi-consciousness the sleep-drugged senses—not minds—of the fagged humans who sprawled in uncouth and animal-like postures over the dirty floor of the barn. Here and there a tousled shock of hair protruded from a miscellaneous pile of blankets, tents and hodge-podge of equipment. Stiff backs, legs and necks. Damn the hard ground!

God! Another day! On with the shoes, stiff and cold, smelling to high heaven. Leggins next, wrap ones at that—what do we care if they do go on upside down? We must make formation. A hitch to the underwear and belt and then on with the blouse, still wet with yesterday's cold sweat, damp and ill smelling. A hasty dive for gun and belt and out the door to fall in once more.

A drizzle of rain is falling. One hour for breakfast and preparations. Rolls are half made—then call to breakfast. Stand in line ten minutes and get porridge, coffee and a slice of bread and bacon. Half an hour left. Wash? Impossible. Half a week's growth of beard and unbrushed teeth. Water, the Infantryman's mainstay, is scarce. Every drop must be husbanded.

Out in the rain to slap together the pack, grunting and cursing. The straps become twisted—will we ever be ready? Time to fall in and at least fifteen more things to go in—extra rations, shoes to be tied on, that damned hat. Swing it up on the back, sling the gun, and stagger into line, muttering and cursing.

Up the steep hill, and the day's gruelling work has begun. Everything goes pretty well—the soreness disappears from legs and the packs settle to a more comfortable position.

The first halt is welcome. Wholesale adjustments are in order. A bit thirsty, but better wait; the sun is coming out and a long march ahead. Sixteen miles today? Discussion varies.

That whistle! Up again; a stretch of road and the pack gets heavier. How long have we been going. Twenty minutes. Shift the rifle and plod some more. The sweat starts, saturating shirt, coat and trousers. Some sing; I would, too, if the sweat would keep out of my mouth. A little swig from the canteen—not much. Damn! I shouldnt have taken that much. I'll be up against it later on.

Two more hours pass. Mechanically halting and plodding. Dust—it will be worse in the afternoon. How far do we have to go, anyway? I wish I'd shaved. Dirty drops of sweat splash over my gun sling. Thank the Lord my feet don't hurt. Half the water gone and not yet time for lunch. It is hot, brutally hot, and the dust increases, stirred by passing lorries. On through a cloud of it. A bit faint? Nibble a bit of greasy hardtack that has been in the pocket for a week, getting chummy with old letters, loose cartridges and the stub of a pencil. Smoke another cigarette. Empty, aren't you? Well, it's time for lunch. Into a hay field we pile—throw off packs and coats and flop down to wait for the kitchen. Another butt.

Half a cup of weak coffee, a mixture of corned willie and hardtack, and off we go to war again.

Sweat, sweat, sweat. Dust. Why didn't the water cart come up?

Let's day dream a bit; maybe it'll make the going easier. The Biltmore on the left—think I'll turn in for one of those long Tom Collinses in a vase with a big square chunk of cracked ice floating in it. It is a bit tiresome to walk any distance on pavements, isn't it? Raises the devil with your feet. All right, think I'll make it two. It's a bit hot, so home early for the old tub and dinner coat. A complete change and I'll be fit again.

Bingo! Five drops of sweat on that damn gas mask, which swings like a clumsy suitcase against the leg. Filthy underwear, sweat soaked, slides against the soiled body. Canteen three-quarters gone and four hours more to go.

Red sun higher and higher, more dust. Tongue like a blotter, and unbrushed teeth make things worse. What's that blue sign? 16 Kilos to X. Halt! Thank God. Off goes the pack. To hell with the extra trouble. It cut my shoulders the last hour. Think I've got a blister. Bzzz. That whistle.

God, I'm thirsty! Can't seem to day dream this time. Bumps in the road twist your feet a bit. What makes you stagger, you damn fool? That's the stuff, watch the other man's feet. One two—one two—one two three four. Carry on. Damn that expression. Water, water, water! Shift the rifle. Is that a chafe? Damnation.

Well, might as well have a couple of good swallows and know you're all through. Fini.

Breeches getting soaked with sweat, pack cuts—wriggle with chafe at every step—water—why did I clean it up?

You don't want to club that man ahead of you and take his canteen. Damn fool. One two, one two.

French town, five estaminets. Maybe we'll stop here. No such luck.

Don't get ahead of the line—one two—water—God! I'd sell my soul for one swig. Twenty francs for a canteen full would be cheap. When you need something, you need it. Halt!

Off again. Sweat and dust in the eyes—you're not getting blind. That pack weighs a ton. Lots to think about—one two—one two—pack, sweat, chafe, blister, one two.

What's that? A pump? Think I'll fall out. No, you'd look like a jackass doing that. If the other worms can keep moving, you can, too. Well, we're by it, and you couldn't drink, anyway. One two. Don't bump into your next door neighbor.

What's that? Our town around the corner? Chlorinated water! Estaminet "Champagne. Dix Francs." Home again! Got a cigarette?

PVT. THEODORE EMERY, Inf.

A MASTERPIECE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I am taking the liberty of enclosing herewith a reproduction of the famous painting by the great artist Daub entitled, "Cooties Nursing Their Young."

This painting, as you will remember, received universal recognition by all the famous galleries of Europe and America, and particularly by Army critics. This picture is regarded as one of the masterpieces of the modern era of art, and will no doubt go down in history as one of the world's greatest pictures on this subject, and should prove to be the admiration and inspiration of many generations to come.

Its conception was evoked in a moment of unguarded enthusiasm by the artist provoked no doubt by an intense desire to put in some concrete form his thoughts and feeling upon discovering this touching scene upon his undershirt.

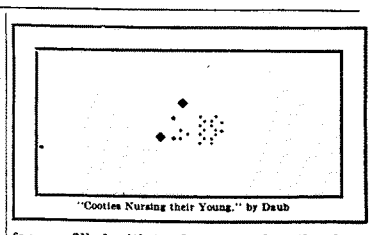
This subject has been universally discussed with great feeling by all classes of people during the past few years, but never has it been given the deep consideration and study that the artist has given it—in fact, he has even suffered in producing his masterpiece.

Notice the tender expression of solicitude upon the face of the mother cootie as she weans her young ones. Regard that wistful face so filled with tenderness and mother love for her ungrateful offspring. Study that little fellow in the corner of the picture evidently just starting off by himself to make his mark in the world. See how bravely the mother bears the parting. See the little fellow trying to gyp his little sister out of her milk.

A thousand and one details stare one in the face, showing the deep study that the artist has given the subject. No one but a genius could possibly paint a picture like this. Notice the wonderful coloring and tones which even Rubens couldn't possibly duplicate in his palmiest days. Another masterpiece has been added to the world's collection.

The artist has given me permission to turn over the exclusive rights of reproducing this picture for the benefit of the A.E.F. to THE STARS AND STRIPES.

GEORGE N. LYNCH,
Sgt. Maj. F.A.



"Cooties Nursing their Young." by Daub

GERMAN CAPTORS DIDN'T GET JOKE

Guard at Thiaucourt Had Peculiar Notion of Yank Souvenirs

SEICHEPREY MEN PASS BY

American Prisoners Are Herded in Church and Started Towards Germany by Night

One serious charge has repeatedly been brought against the Germans which even their elaborate and far-reaching propaganda service has never attempted to disprove. It has been said that the German has no sense of humor. The answer is that he hasn't. The proof there of is this:

When, late last winter, the first American prisoners were taken through the town of Thiaucourt, liberated last month in the smashing in of the St. Mihiel salient, there was a great to-do among the Germans stationed there. The news of the captives' approach ran ahead of them, and when the little group—six Yanks and two poilus, all the fruit of a raiding party or the result of a strayed patrol—filed into town, French citizens and German soldiers looked on with interest and, so far as the Germans were concerned, with jubilation. There was shouting and laughter and song.

The procession itself, however, wasn't the joke—meaning the joke the Germans didn't get. Those first prisoners, unlike the brothers who were to follow them after Seicheprey, still carried most of Equipment C on their persons or their backs. Only one article of apparel was conspicious by its absence. And to find that article of apparel, as it has often been humorously called, the onlookers had to turn their glances to the heads of the Boche guard.

And This Is the Joke

The Boche guard, to a man, were topped off with what used to be called the Old Overseas Cap. It was their idea of a souvenir.

If you do not think it is so, you may ask Madame Pette, who, with her 12 year old son, lived in the house next to the church at Thiaucourt all the while that the Boche was an unwelcome tenant of the town, and who left the shell-scarred place—more shell scarred now than ever before—when the Americans entered it and enabled her to write in her almanach in great red letters, after the printed date, September 12, the one word, "Deliverance."

An odd record, that almanach. As a piece of printing one might find far worse, but its name was against it. It was called the Almanach des Ardennes. It was issued to subscribers—if people to whom a newspaper is distributed gratis can be called subscribers—of the Gazette des Ardennes, the most infamous publication ever printed. Ever since the hand of the Hun was laid upon Belgium and northern France, the Gazette des Ardennes, published in French, but otherwise utterly German, has been scattering its lies far and wide.

The people of Thiaucourt, like their compatriots elsewhere in the invaded regions, read the Gazette des Ardennes because there was little else to read, but often, in their anger, they tore it up before they had finished with it.

Page a Month, Line a Day

The Almanach des Ardennes allowed a page a month, a line a day, in true almanach style, for any entries which the possessor might care to make. The entries, therefore, had to be short. That is why, opposite April 20, Madame Pette had room to write only: "American prisoners in church." They were the men taken at Seicheprey.

The people of Thiaucourt knew days before that the Seicheprey attack was to take place, and they burned to tell of it. It was the talk of the town's German boarders, who seemed to expect great things of it. After it was over they did not seem highly pleased with everything that had happened there; the impression held in French Thiaucourt was that something must have gone awry.

But the Huns had their prisoners, anyway. They led them into the town, most of them robbed of their shoes, a band numbering between 150 and 200. They herded them all in the little church next to Madame Pette's home. In front of Madame Pette's home was the village pump, and thither the Yanks were led, in small, closely guarded convoys, to drink or to wash. Some of them, daring the anger of their guards, gave bon jour to the silently sympathetic French, who durst not come too near.

That night there was a commotion outside the church. The captured Americans were being led forth to the station. How did they leave Thiaucourt, in what kind of cars, under how strong a guard? Madame Pette cannot tell you, because no one was allowed in the neighborhood of the gare when such an exodus as this was being accomplished.

Hun Justice

One day a German and a French plane met in battle high above Thiaucourt. The German fell, a precipitate streak of flame, and after him, like a broken winged bird, fluttered his conqueror's machine. It landed tolerably gently in a field, and the pilot hopped nimbly out.

Women working in the field saw then that he was an American. Down the road that led between the fields he ran, making for a wood not far away. He said something to the Frenchwomen as he passed, perhaps asking his direction, perhaps merely passing the time of day. They spoke in return, scarcely enough to be considered guilty of giving aid and comfort to the enemy. But every woman who uttered so much as a word to the fleeing airman was given eight days in prison by her German overlords.

Not long after the airman was led in triumph through the streets of Thiaucourt. That night he, too, disappeared Germany-ward from the little gare.

LIKE YOUR PICTURE?

Any one—a general, a cook or a second lieutenant, or any one like that—who happens to stray within the focus of an Army camera when it is working can, if he wants, buy as many prints of the resulting picture as he may desire for private circulation.

The method is fairly simple. First, ask the photographer for his name and for the film pack or plate number of the picture. Then send that name and number to the Signal Corps Photographic Laboratory, A. P. O. 702, A.E.F., and ask for the corresponding file number of that picture. Send the file number to the folks back home and with that number they can order as many prints as they desire by sending ten cents for each print to the Bureau of Public Information, 10 Jackson Place, Washington, D.C.

HOW IT MIGHT WORK OUT

IF DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE WERE MODELED AFTER ARMY PAPERWORK

THE CENTRAL POWERS, Bulgarian, Section, Very Recently.

From: Bulgaria.
To: The Boches.
(Through Channels)
Subject: Cold Feet.

1. We have quit.

BORIS.

For and in the absense of FERDINAND.

1st Ind.

Turkey to Austria-Hungary.

1. In view of the preceding bad news, we stand a damn good chance of following suit.
2. Authority is requested to call it a day.

MEHMED, Sultan.

2nd Ind.

Austria-Hungary to the Royal High Pooptralah, Bill.

1. Recommending disapproval.
2. If Turkey throws up the sponge, how in hell can you expect me to fight on two fronts?

CHARLIE.

3rd Ind.

Willie to Charlie.

1. Returned.
2. Disapproved.

BILL.

4th Ind.

Charlie to President Wilson.

1. Referred for remark.

CHAS.

5th Ind.

President Wilson to Charlie.

1. Returned, inviting attention to my note of January 8th, 1918—file No. 639,873,544.
2. For compliance therewith.

WILSON.

6th Ind.

Chas. to Wilhelm.

1. Inviting attention to preceding indorsement.
2. Instructions are requested.

CHARLES.

7th Ind.

Bill to Charles.

1. Returned.
2. The buck is always passed DOWN, never up.

WILLIE.

8th Ind.

Charles to Mehmed.

1. Referred in compliance with preceding indorsement.

CHAS.

9th Ind.

Turkey to Charles.

1. Returned, requesting instructions as to who in hell I can pass it to.

MEHMED.

10th Ind.

Austria-Hungary to Turkey.

1. Returned with the information that you are apparently S.O.L.

CHARLIE.

11th Ind.

Turkey to Austria.

1. I knew it long ago.
2. Don't bother about sending this back to me because I've quit.

THE SULT.

12th Ind.

Austria to Germany.

1. I told you so.
2. Good night!

CHARLIE.

13th Ind.

Wilhem, King of what's left of all the Prussians: To the ALLIES.

1. COME AND GET IT.

BILL.

110 D.S.C.'S AWAIT 110 LUCKY OWNERS

Perhaps Coveted Cross Is Coming to You and You Don't Know It

Have you got your D.S.C.?

Perhaps one is coming to you and you don't know it. If you've shunted from one hospital to another the good news may not yet have overtaken you. Anyway, G.H.Q. has crosses for 110 officers and soldiers of the A.E.F. to whom presentation has not yet been made.

If you're on the list, write or telegraph to the Adjutant General, G.H.Q., A.E.F., and tell him about it. If the name of anybody you know is on the list, write or telegraph, telling where he can be reached.

Following are the lucky hundred and ten:

Cpl. Abe. L. Allen.
Cpl. Roier J. Balabridge, 1st Lieut. Thomas M. Barber, 1st Lieut. Harry C. Barnes, Pvt. Raymond Barnes, 2nd Lieut. Frank H. Barnwell, 1st Lieut. Chas. L. Barrow, Cpl. Anthony C. Billis, Cpl. Raymond W. Boono, Sgt. Paul Braun, Pvt. Albert E. Brooks, Cpl. Garrot Bush.
Gunnery Sgt. James Carbary, Pvt. James W. Carter, Sgt. John Casey, Cpl. Anthony Chesnay, 2nd Lieut. John B. Church, Pvt. James L. Clark, 1st Lieut. Julius C. Cogswell, Pvt. 1st Cpl. Harold E. Crawford, Sgt. John H. Cuhaan.
First Lieut. W. C. Dabney, Pvt. Carl W. Dasch, Cpl. Norell B. Davis, Pvt. Wm. R. Davis, Cpl. August H. De Ford, Pvt. Anthony Docastino, 1st. Sgt. Edward Donnelly, Pvt. Lexie Downham.
Second Lieut. Hugh F. Edwards.
Pvt. Edward J. Farrell, Capt. Geo. T. Fleet, Pvt. John C. Flocken, Capt. H. K. Foster, 1st. Lieut. George W. Furbush.
Cpl. Joseph A. Gargon, 1st Lieut. R. E. Gilliam, Pvt. Thos. J. Gray, 2nd Lieut. Donald W. Green, 2nd Lieut. J. N. Groena, Pvt. Joseph Gucwa.
Sgt. Byron W. Hamilton, Pvt. Russell E. Handwirck, 1st Lieut. John L. Harmon, Cpl. Leon Harlow, Sgt. Claude V. Hart, Gunnery Sgt. Chas. P. Hoffman, Pvt. Geo. W. Holtz, Pvt. Jefferson Holt, Pvt. William J. Howe, Pvt. Eris C. Huffstedler, 1st Lieut. P. H. Hurley.
Cpl. John J. Incalls.
First Sgt. Benjamin James, Pvt. H. R. Johnson.
Pvt. J. M. Kegler, Cpl. Lewis Kowaski.
Pvt. Elmer L. Lane, Pvt. Leslie M. Lane, 2nd Lieut. James H. Legendre, Pvt. Luzius Luzi.
Cpl. Patrick McKenna.
Pvt. Saterag N. Makas, Cpl. Sidney E. Mannins.
2nd Lieut. Norbet W. Markus, Pvt. Frank Marlin.
Pvt. 1st Cl. Zolina Mason, Pvt. Joseph De May, 2nd Lieut. John C. Miller, 1st Lieut. Chas. Murray.
First Lieut. Geo. H. Noble.
Pvt. J. C. Parrent, Pvt. James J. Pretty.
Pvt. Henry Quinn.
Pvt. Chas. Rathnaton, 1st Lieut. G. C. Rippeto, Cpl. Gary Roberts, Maj. Guy I. Rowe, Maj. Geo. F. Rogelle Jr., Capt. Richard J. Ryan.
Pvt. Chas. Schmitz, Pvt. 1st Cl. Walter A. Shaminski, Sgt. Mitchell J. Seaile, 1st Lieut. James J. Sheeran, Pvt. Carson L. Shumate, Capt. Dwight F. Smith, Cpl. Thomas J. Smith, 1st Lieut. S. C. Sorensen, 2nd Lieut. Tracy R. Stains, Capt. Paul N. Starlings, Capt. Joseph W. F. Stephens, Pvt. 1st Cl. Dan W. Sullivan.
Sgt. Chas. M. Tarter, Cpl. Robert M. Thornton, 2nd Lieut. Allen A. Talley.
Cpl. Isaac Valley, 1st Lieut. Bernard Van't Hof, Pvt. Victor Van York, Cpl. Frank A. Vial.
Second Lieut. Chas. H. Weaver, Capt. R. K. Whitson, Pvt. Chas. E. Whittington, pl. Henry Willard, Capt. Wm. C. Williams, Pvt. Alt C. Wilken, Cpl Rufus Wiseman, Pvt. John M. Worrell.
Lieut. Louis Viaud (French).

WANT AD COLUMNS IN DAYS TO COME

Situations Wanted—Male

YOUNG MAN, 22, well qualified as squad leader, seeks position commensurate with his proved executive abilities. Knows how to handle men. Would make good bellboy captain in hotel with seven bellboys; good head waiter in restaurant with seven waiters, etc. Address CORPORAL, P.O. Box 23.

OLD ARMY MAN, 38, in service since 1907, seeks position as caretaker on country estate of any other old army man, preferably retired brigadier general. Could swap stories and knows how to salute properly. Address OLD TIMER, Bugle Office.

CHEF desires position in small but exclusive American plan hotel. Was in German war, but did not serve as mess sergeant, so still retains mastery of culinary art. Address NO SLUM, Bugle Office.

Personals

G. K. B., former Top Sergeant, K Co., 777th Inf. Former captain inquires if opening you spoke of just after St Mihiel attack still exists in your uncle's meat market. Address TWOBARS, Bugle Office.

J. X., until recently buck private, Battery B, 969th Field Arty. In town for few days. Would be glad to meet sister whose picture you showed me in Alsace. LIEUT. J. M. C.

TAR PAPER GOOD FOR GAS

Two thicknesses of tar paper of good quality provide "a high degree of protection against mustard gas," according to Bulletin 75. The bulletin also states that food, medicinal products, liquids, tobacco, clothing and other articles contained in closed receptacles may be protected from contamination if the containers are enclosed in tar paper. Tar paper for this purpose will be furnished on application to division Engineers, who will maintain a stock at divisional dumps.

GENUINE ICE CREAM SERVED IN PINE WOOD

Old French Fish Seller Has Big Part in Banquet's Success

In a large French market place is an old fisherwoman, wrinkled and browned, with kindly shrewd eyes which twinkle from half-closed lids. Hidden in a lone pine wood several kilometers from the market place is a replacement battalion of Americans.

Before the Americans came, there was only fish to sell, but they didn't want fish—is not salmon occasionally included in Army rations? Ice, just a little of it to cool water, was the chief demand at the start. And so a great ice chest was installed in the market place to care for future possibilities.

Out in the lone pine wood the men were planning. This battalion training cadre had been in France many months, and had been doing its best on a more or less daily diet of canned willy.

The plans it was laying were for nothing less than a banquet. But no banquet is complete without ice cream. And the only chance for ice cream depended upon the wrinkled godmother in the fish stall.

At the suggestion her face crinkled with smiles. She would do her best, she said in French which any American could understand.

Banquet day came. One kitchen-billet was lined with pies, another with cake; still another had field ovens piping hot for juicy beef, and one more housed men concocting fresh vegetables into salads. And a squad was already on the long hike for ice.

Late in the afternoon the squad reported.

"Four large bags filled with ice present!"

The cream was ready. Freezers had been constructed and another squad began its work, the real work of making two quarts at a time and transferring it to a milk can packed in a G. I. can lined with ice. The banquet began at 7.30, according to the printed menu, and was a real banquet from roast beef to ice cream.

Inside an Adrian barracks battalion entertainers sang and danced on a stage constructed from few, a very few, boards, walled by O.D. blankets with a background of Allied flags grouped around a French weekly's portrait of Le Général Pershing.

IT HAPPENED IN GERMANY

"You've been eating again!" cried the hausfrau accusingly.

"Nein," replied her husband. "One of those Yankee airmen dropping pamphlets mixed in a sheaf of cooking recipes for making shredded corn husks look like French pastry. I got this way looking at the pictures."

"Do you get rations regularly in the lines?"

"Sometimes, and then again we may be very irrational."

FATHER AND SON BOTH IN BATTLE AT MONTFAUCON

Neither General nor Doughboy Comes Out of It Unscathed

MOTHER WON'T LEARN ALL

Brigade Commander Decides One Part of Story Isn't a Match for the Rest of It

There were German machine gun nests ahead on the left and German anti-tank guns ahead on the right, and German high explosive and gas shells were pouring into Montfaucon wood, but every once in a while the Ohio brigadier general in his P.C. among the trees found himself forgetting the battle ahead while he mused:

"I wonder how the boy is making out over there on the other side of the hill? The machine guns among those walls are hitting it pretty lively on the other side, too, and Carl is somewhere in the valley that leads up to them."

Meanwhile, above a little stream that curved away toward the Meuse at the right of the height of Montfaucon, a doughboy stumbled on through the bramble of barb wire and the wilderness of blasted trees and dead horses while the machine gun bullets from the hill swept among the cratered slopes. And as he broke his way forward, with his comrades dropping behind him, he still had time to think:

"I wonder how dad is getting along on the other side of the hill. That artillery over there sounds as if his brigade must be right in it by this time."

No Message Over Wires

That is the way father and son, general and doughboy, fought their way past Montfaucon the second day of the Argonne-Meuse battle. But there were no messages over Signal Corps wires to tell the general that his son, a private in an Ohio Infantry regiment under another brigade commander, was thinking about him. It wasn't like the old days when Carl might drop into a telegraph office anywhere, dash of a message on a blank form and sit down to wait until father wired the money.

Here, ahead of both father and son, was a stone city on a hill that had been considered one vast redoubt impregnable to assault by foot troops. The tide of battle, while they were thinking of each other, was carrying the general by that hill fortress on the left, while his son was being swept by on the right, with miles between them—and those miles a stretch of death and fire-swept woods, valleys and hills.

Prior to all this there had been the farewell before they went into battle. That farewell was also their first meeting in France. The general did not know until a few hours before the attack that his son was near him. The boy—he is scarcely over 21—had walked into his father's headquarters and saluted. There were the usual greetings. Then the general had turned to his maps and his runners. And Carl had hurried back to his company.

As they said goodby, the general called to the boy:

"Remember, son you're where I was, and I'm prouder of you than I can tell. We'll tell mother all about this when it's over."

The Boy's History

When the boy had passed behind the blanket that curtained the arched doorway of the half ruined house where the general's post was, the general told his staff the story of his son.

"I didn't know he had joined up until he walked into my office back home in June a year ago and said: 'Dad, I've hooked up with the Umpty-Seventh.' He said he was going in on his own merits, and damned if he wanted any one to hand him anything because his old man was a general.

"I patted him on the back and told him: 'Son, I'm with you all the way.' I gave him some advice on things he ought to know—you see, I was a private myself before the Spanish-American war. This has been a busy year, but Carl's letters have told me much—soldier's letters, you know, very short, with nothing loose or sentimental in them. It wasn't until they shoved the brigades up for this push that we came near each other."

* * * *

Montfaucon was held by doughboys. The stone towers that had stood out boldly among the ruined walls were flattened in the wreckage that lay over the whole height. American artillery was firing over Montfaucon to the enemy lines in the woods beyond. German shells were bursting among the American positions over the dugouts full of dead German soldiers. The American lines lay up toward Cierges and all the way in front of Montfaucon to the right.

P.C. Miles Ahead

The Ohio brigadier general's P.C. now was miles ahead of where it had been. It was in a former German dugout under a clump of trees.

A private with bandaged head slipped over the muddy roadway to the P.C. and father met son again. There was the usual salute, then—

"Just had to find you before they sent me back, Dad," said the private. "They got me, but nothing bad, I guess. So I slipped over from the dressing station after they fixed me up a little. And I caught my Boche prisoner before they got me."

"You've got me beaten, son," said the general. "Wonder what your mother would think of us? I told you a few hours ago we'd tell her everything. Well, we won't. I fell off my horse a little while ago and got a strained shoulder—and that after two days of close-up work without a scratch. And your mother always said I couldn't ride. There's one thing we won't tell about the battle, will we, boy?"

HAVE YOU?

Have you ever sat in your hole,
With only a few logs and some dirt over you,
And heard the screech of one of Jerry's 77's—
And heard that screech change to a moan—
And heard that moan grow louder—
And know it was going to fall near you—
And look out and see it land—
Right at the entrance of your hole—
And not explode?
No?—
Then you have something to live for—
HARV.

OUR KIND

This is Sgt. Hank Gowdy, A.E.F. He is the sort of big league ball player his comrades in O.D. everywhere call "our kind."

To keep from having to join the Army he didn't scuttle into an easy job with a shipyard ball team, as many big leaguers did when duty called through the draft. He didn't protest that baseball was an essential war industry. He didn't suddenly remember that a whole flock of relatives were dependent upon him for support. He didn't say he'd wait until the season was over and then come in.

The proof of which is that Hank has been a front line member of the A.E.F. since away last winter.

ARMY'S BARBED WIRE PUZZLE IS SOLVED

Signal Corps Shows Qualifications for After-War Reeling Job

INSTALLING MORE LINES

Through Telephone Connection Between France and Italy Now Being Established

When it comes to quantity production, the Signal Corps people say that you simply have to hand it to a certain Field Signal Battalion engaged in one of the recent shows up front. In three weeks the battalion installed 32 switchboards, four radio sets, three terminal boards and seven T.P.S. sets, which are for wireless communication.

That wasn't all. With the aid of some Infantry signal platoons, they went ahead and laid in the same period of time 168 miles of wire, repaired 27½ miles of it, took over 23 miles from the French, and recovered 131.

At the same time they were doing all this, an Artillery Signal section installed 49 switchboards and 149 telephones, laid 136 miles of wire, and took over and repaired 81 miles. All this work was done while active operations were going on—twice during the actual progress of raids.

While you are talking the average length of time over any Army telephone, do you realize that a good four telegraph messages are going over the wire at the same moment? Unless you are in the Signal Corps, you probably don't; but that is just what is happening.

32 Telegrams on Four Wires

The Signal Corps in France is now operating on superimposed circuits throughout, getting from the wire from two and one-half to three times the ordinary service. For example, it can put on four signal wires a maximum of 32 telegraph messages at the same time. Or on those same four wires it can negotiate 24 telegrams and three telephone connections to boot.

Not only that, but if one of the base ports wants to talk to G.H.Q., or G.H.Q. wants to talk to one of the base ports, the arrangement is only a mater of minutes. In case of necessity, it connects the base ports right up with the front itself, giving a direct connection between both ends of the A.E.F.

Not being content with that, it is now planning to put through direct telephone connection between the Army in France and the portions of the Army that are in Italy, and well it may since its personnel includes most of the men who made the direct telephone connection between New York and San Francisco a workable thing.

Like City of 2,000,000

The rapid and continuous growth of the A.E.F. has made the Corps hustle to keep pace with it in the amount of telephone and telegraph communication demanded. It has grown so that its largest telegraph and telephone office, that at Tours, would, from its size and facilities, be capable of caring for a city of 2,000,000 population back home. In addition to serving the A.E.F., it is continually putting in lines for the Allies, notably at one of the base ports, where, to cite only item, it assists the British Signal Office to care daily for 10,000 words of press news to be relayed to London.

In order to keep up the efficiency of the service, it has established at Tours an operators' school, where those newly arrived from the States are put through the paces of military telephony and telegraphy, under special instructors. When operators are to be promoted, they come in from the front or the S.O.S. to take an advance course to qualify them for their new duties.

NO FURNACE FIRES YET

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 17.—We are not going to start our furnaces in New York until November 1.

The Deputy State Fuel Administrator has delegated a member of his staff to see that the families of soldiers and sailors shall not have any difficulty in getting coal this winter.

FIFTY-FIFTY

Private: Say, Sarge, you know those shoes you gave me?

Supply Sergeant: Well, what about 'em?

Private: **Well, one of 'em matches all right, but the other doesn't.**

ANTI-GAS PASTE NOW READY FOR ISSUE TO A.E.F.

"Sag" Will Protect Unmasked Parts of Body from Hun Poison

TO BE SMEARED ON SKIN

New Preparation Will Prevent Most Burns and Lessen Severity of Others

Every doughboy going into the line will carry a tube of a paste that prevents and cures mustard gas burns. Some are already carrying the tubes.

The anti-gas paste is called "Sag," a word coined by reversing the word gas.

The new product, invented by Uncle Sam's war apothecaries, protects the fighting man's arms and legs and the body below the neck—parts hitherto unprotected—against the floating or driven particles of poison from exploding gas shells. The gas mask protects the face and the head from mustard gas, as well as from gas whose action is primarily on the respiratory organs.

So far as looks go, Sag is a modest appearing preparation. It comes in a heavy tin-foil tube that looks as if it might contain tooth paste or shaving cream.

To Be Smeared on Body

The doughboy carries the anti-gas paste in his haversack, or other convenient place, ready for use when he is going to be exposed to the dangers of gas shell fire. The paste is simply smeared on the parts of the body most vulnerable to mustard gas poison.

Experience has shown that parts which are usually warm and moist, and especially those protected by hair, suffer most from gas burns. The scrotum particularly is susceptible to mustard gas. Tests have shown that when the anti-gas paste has been applied, these parts could stand exposure to mustard gas without injury in most cases, although such factors as the length of exposure to the gas and the concentration or strength of the gas may render the paste less effective. Under ordinary conditions, however, the paste will prevent gas burns, or, in any event, lessen their severity.

The paste is also used in emergencies for treating surfaces which have been gassed. Mustard gas to the chemist is di-chlor-ethyl-sulphide. It is classed as a vesicant, from its properties of producing burns of the skin and respiratory system. In its effects, mustard gas is accumulative, the medical officers say, that is the longer it remains in contact with the skin the worse the burn will be. The anti-gas paste checks and neutralizes the action of the gas by setting up a chemical reaction with it.

Must Avoid Delay

Officers of the Chemical Warfare Service who have prepared the anti-gas paste point out that every effort should be made to prevent the continuing action of the gas once it has affected the skin, for a delay of a few hours may bring serious results that could have been avoided. This may be difficult, because mustard gas has only a faint odor—like that of mustard or garlic—and does not produce immediate irritation. In a few hours the skin may become badly inflamed.

"What makes you think you've grown hard-boiled since you joined the Army?"

"Because I've got the sweat trained to run down behind my ears."

STEEL PRODUCTION MAY HIT CAPACITY

September Sees High Line of Ingot Output—Plenty for A. E. F.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 17.—The wartime production of American steel has broken all records. Our showing is so good that we feel reasonably assured that our actual production for the year will be an astonishingly close approximation to the estimated total capacity of the country.

Last September marked the high line of steel ingot production, with a gain of 12 per cent over August and the establishing of a gain that, carried through the year, would make the annual production 46,800,000 gross tons. The output in 1917 approximated 43,700,000 gross tons.

The output of finished rolled steel approximated 6,200 net tons in July and August, and the September record was 3,300,000, making 9,500,000 tons for the quarter.

October Showing Greater

The estimated showing for October is still greater, and experts say we may expect in the next quarter to produce 10,000,000 net tons, making the total for the half year 19,500,000 or even 20,000,000 tons.

The Railroad Administration Board will, if need be, give up for the Army in France a good portion of the steel reserved for domestic railroad use.

In all directions, as we take account of accomplishments, we see excellent results. Thus more coal has been mined in the period April 1 to September 1 than ever before in any half year in the country's history, and this despite the fact that 50,000 or even 60,000 miners were inducted into military service and an unknown larger number went to munitions work.

Bituminous coal mined in the six months' period amounted to 311,216,000 tons, which is 12 per cent more than for the corresponding period last year, which was regarded as the high-water mark of production.

AXE WIELDERS SHOW HEAD FOR BUSINESS

Pork Shortage Brings Velvet to Company of Yank Woodsmen

Out in the woods near Blois a company of Forestry Engineers had a company fund and a big idea. So, while the trees crashed down and the sawmill turned out capacity production, the mess sergeant bought pigs—seven little piglets who squealed and grunted, grew fat and wobbled—to carry out the big idea.

That was six months ago. The seven porkers policed the garbage cans as the company meant they should, and the butchers in the neighborhood grew fidgety. The garbage collector soon ceased to call, and the boys squinted at their growing venture with the complacency of capitalists.

A few days ago the company parted with five of the seven. Profit the company fifteen hundred francs, with two stalwart garbage incinerators still in the pen. The fate of these two is reserved until Thanksgiving, after which the censor will pass on their story.

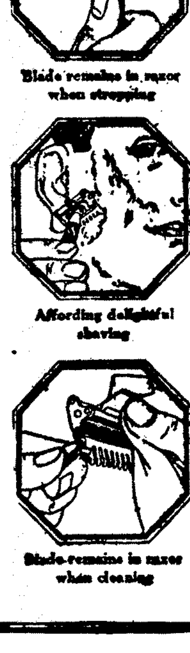
The company is going in for large scale production. The pen has been enlarged and a new fatigue squad, numbering 12, added to the family.

EASY TO IDENTIFY

"Say, a feller was around here lookin' for you just now."

"Zasso? What'd he look like?"

"Lessee. Come to think of it, had on spiral leggins and a pair of O.D. pants."



9x4x3—Wt. 3 lbs. —By WALLGREN

HUN CHASING FROM THE SOMME TO THE MOSELLE

HE WAS 40 years old and a cook, and he harbored a constant grouch because the skipper, under pretense of his age, would not bust him and let him go forward with the doughboys when his company went in the trenches. He had brought many a wrinkle from the Fourth Avenue chop house which he abandoned the third day after the United States declared war, and he did a hundred different things to army rations which made his own company enthusiastic and every other company in the regiment jealous.

His company, fighting on the British front, had been in the line four days, and this day it was coming out. He didn't know how much of the food which he had toiled to prepare and dispatch forward in those four days had actually reached the men. He figured that it wasn't much.

So he had prepared a meal for them, a meal which excelled even all his previous efforts. The principal feature was hash, wonderful variety of hash which he had been able to make only after obtaining half a dozen unusual ingredients in two days of argument and near-fist fights with various representatives of the commissary.

He had timed the cooking of this hash for the arrival of his company from the line, and as a K.P., detailed as observer, signaled his approach, he watched his hash brown with the tender eye of a true artist. As the men came up the road, hungry, tattered, muddy, exhausted, happy, he went forward to meet them. He stood beside the road waiting paternally for them to approach.

As they got near enough for him to make out individual faces in the line a shell struck within a few feet of him. It tore one foot off and inflicted a dozen other wounds. He died a minute later. His dying words were an order to the K.P. who had run to his side.

"Don't mind me, Harry. You run back and see that the hash don't burn."

An ambulance had just discharged its load at a dressing station, and the quartet of wounded were lying on stretchers on the ground.

One of the patients was a youth, very much of a youth. Even the bandages which concealed four-fifths of his face did not conceal that. While he waited his turn on the operating table his one available eye twinkled as he related to a line of walking wounded how it had happened.

Suddenly he paused in his conversation, having spotted a doughboy trudging down the road, a doughboy from his own home town and his own regiment.

"Hey, Joe!" he shouted, and when Joe reached his side he said, "Say, I'll bet you don't know who I am, Joe."

It's the same old story up on the British front.

"We've changed the name of this outfit," explained a doughboy. "We call it the Picardy Tree Division. Why? No leaves—see?"

A Salvation Army truck, on its way up the Varennes road to the front and loaded with three tons of chocolates, was waylaid by several pleading highwaymen attached to a corps headquarters which lay along the route. They were sternly refused. The chocolates were for the boys in the line. Those at such luxurious posts as the various corps headquarters could get plenty of delicacies. They had the commissary.

"Commissary, hell," said one of the highwaymen gloomily. "I've been there every day for a week and they haven't anything there to eat except corned willy and vinegar."

A shell dropped in a horse transport train on a winding hillside road in Very, and two horses fell floundering to the ditch. A doughboy who had been standing by the roadside ran for an arched passage shelter, his right hand spurting blood where a shell fragment had torn away two fingers. Another soldier bandaged the wound, while several other shells burst near.

Then the doughboy looked out and saw one of the wounded horses struggling in the ditch. Although the shells had been falling regularly at intervals of a few minutes, the doughboy walked out from his shelter, drew his automatic pistol with his left hand and shot the horse. Walking calmly back to the shelter, he said he was sorry he had to use four shots on the horse, but he never had been able to use his left hand very well.

A long line of German prisoners was filing back across a field that the Americans had passed over earlier in the morning. At the rear of the line came an aged soldier, his hair turned gray, a wound over his left eye and tears streaming down his cheeks. With his right arm he was supporting a young soldier who had been wounded in the leg. They were father and son.

On reaching their destination an interpreter asked the older man why he was crying. He said that the young man was his only son and that he didn't want the Americans to kill him.

When he learned from other prisoners already in the prisoners' stockade that they were receiving the best of treatment as prisoners of war and that the Americans did not kill their prisoners, the German's eyes brightened and the tears ceased to flow.

Later, after he had messed on meat, potatoes, bread and coffee, and had traded an insignia button for a package of American cigarettes, which he shared with his son, he was several times happier than a certain other German father whose much ornamented sons only see the front when a French church tower well in the rear permits a safe and sane view of it.

Among the vast quantity of material which the Germans left in their wake where the Yanks attacked on the British front was a tombstone of large dimensions intended for the grave of a German colonel. On it was chiseled the replica of an iron cross of the first order and the familiar inscription, "Gott Mit Uns."

Subsequently, the grave of the colonel was found. The Americans finished the work the Germans had left undone. A detail of eight men carried the stone to the grave and, as they set it in place, a bugler sounded taps over the grave.

A French soldier, stationed at the observation post on Montrose after it had been captured in the St. Mihiel drive, was lending his field glasses to a passing doughboy. He further pointed out the places of interest within view from that hill top.

"See," he said, "down there ran the sector in which I was stationed ever since the war began. And a little further back there is Commercy, where my home is."

"I suppose you could get home, then, once in a while."

"Mais, oui, Monsieur. Once or twice a week ever since the war began."

"Hell," said the doughboy, thinking of his own home in South Bend, Ind. "Hey, Buddie," he called to his friend nearby, "here's a guy that commutes to the war."

One company near Cierges pressed on so rapidly that it left behind companies on both sides, and there was danger of enfilade fire from the German machine gun nests on the flanks. A major found the captain.

"Why don't you hold your men back?" he shouted.

"How can I hold 'em back when the whole German army can't!" returned the captain.

Signal Corps trouble shooters won new laurels in the Argonne drive. One brigade commander reported that at no time was his P.C. cut off, although it was repeatedly under shell fire. Broken lines were connected up almost before the smoke had cleared away from the shell hole in which the wire was lost.

In one line after a period of shelling the trouble shooter counted 19 breaks within 200 yards, but the line was put back in use so quickly that the use of runners was kept down to a minimum.

In one P.C. a brigade commander and his staff watched a trouble man start out to find a break. He had gone only 50 yards when a shell burst almost at his side. The watchers saw him fall flat. They thought he had been killed. Then they saw him wriggling around. They concluded he must have been only wounded. Then, while he was squirming about on the hillside, the observers realized that he was busily working on the break just caused by the shell. He didn't rise to his feet until he had finished hooking up the line. Then he went on looking for the break he had started out for in the first place.

Miles and miles of German wire were used for American signal line. The old line was strung along all the roads, and in many cases it was simply a question of testing out and hooking up. In other places the German wire was reeled and laid down again. A number of German switchboards were also captured, many of them serviceable.

A negro, slightly wounded in the Argonne fighting, sat down beside the road to wait for a chance ride back to the field hospital. A man, hastening forward to his place in the line and anxious for the latest news of the battle, asked a report from his colored brother. Had he been in the fight? Did he know all about it? How were things going?

"Yas, suh. Ah knows all about it."

"Well, what's happened to them?"

"Well, it was this way. Ah was a-climbin' over some barbed wire and they shot me."

At a hospital for walking patients, Pacific Coast troops were coming in from the battlefield one by one to have their wounds cared for. As each passed through the dressing tent he was tagged and numbered. A number of them were standing on the outside wondering what was to be done with them next. Some had their hands bandaged, some wore bandages on their foreheads, and some had received slight wounds in the legs.

"Where are you from?" one of them inquired of a wounded comrade.

The comrade told him.

"I'm from that outfit, too," the first doughboy replied.

"So am I, Buddy," said another standing near by.

Anyone with an eye on those three men would have seen them, a few moments later, when the doc had gone to the other tent, tear off the tags that branded them as wounded and trail off through the forest headed for their outfit, then in the thick of the fight.

From the note of an M.P. following the advance: "I have noticed that most of the French who are killed are curled up in a ball. The Americans lie partly curled up as if asleep. The Boches are nearly all spread out, with arms and legs extended."

One of the more unregenerated among the Y.M.C.A. secretaries on his way to the front from Paris, had the time of his life staring reproachfully at two ministers in that organization who, because of their indifferent French, were served in the dining car, when they ordered "beurre," with two large, unmistakable, incriminating bottles of "bierre."

During a heavy barrage an officer passed by a company kitchen up near Avocourt. He saw the cook, wearing blue overalls, standing beside the stove calmly winding an alarm clock and holding it down toward the glow of the firebox so that he could watch the dial that regulated the bell. The gun chorus was under full sway and sleep seemed incredible.

"What's the big idea?" said the officer, shouting so that he could be heard.

"I want to be sure to wake up when the time comes for the boys to go over," the cook answered. "A little noise don't bother me. I used to work in an all-night restaurant in the railroad yards at Chicago."

A company water cart had followed the advancing Ohio troops almost to the shadow of Montfaucon when a German shell burst in the ditch almost beside the cart. The horse on the shell side was killed. The driver was wounded in the head.

While blood ran from his face, the driver took one look at the wreckage, then started stumbling back along the road. A lieutenant who had seen it all stopped him.

"The dressing station is—"

"Dressing station, hell!" answered the driver. "I'm looking for another horse."

Among the soldiers most talked about in his division is a Yank of Italian birth who learned more of the English language after he joined the Army than he ever knew before. He has proved more apt at soldiering than he has at pronunciation, however.

This Yank was waiting in support in front of a stretch of ground on the British front which an American regiment had taken a few hours before. Peeping over the parapet of the trench, he saw a Bouche furtively looking out of the entrance of a dugout. Without waiting, he clambered out of the trench, and raced to the dugout. The German disappeared and the American dived into the entrance after him.

A lieutenant and a squad of men surrounded the entrance. It was a deep dugout. All that the lieutenant and his men could hear was an occasional word or two. Finally the officer shouted down the stairway:

"Did you get him?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," came the reply. "I gotta twenta-two ofa dem."

ANCIENT GAGS IN O.D. APPEAL IN ARGONNE

Barnstormers Play to Full Houses Right at Edge of Battle

MAYOR OFFERS APOLOGIES

But Interpreters Explain That Whistling Is Not a Manifestation of Displeasure

The play actors who have come over here to entertain us will go back home completely hardened to the roughest barnstorming the American stage can provide. The road and the long circuit for one-night stands will have no terrors for them.

When the show goes stranded in some such tank town as Punxatawney, Pa., when the manager, after pocketing the twelve dollars left in the till, says sorrowfully that he will not be able to pay the salaries, when they are faced with the fact that if they ever hope to get back to Broadway they will have to walk, these thespians of the A.E.F. will laugh and say to one another:

"This is nothing compared to the wild days when we played the Argonne circuit in 1918."

The troupe headed by Margaret Mayo, the author of "Baby Mine" and "Twin Beds," has been playing in the Forest of Argonne itself, playing with the boys applauding from the trees, playing in the rain and the fog and the mud till they have no voices left, and their clothes are so full of a number of things that they don't like to talk about it.

Miss Mayo Is Gas Case

The other day, for the amusement of a bunch of doughboy replacements on the way into the line, the Mayo Shock Unit performed on a stranded truck, with a dressing room made out of a piece of tarpaulin. Unfortunately, some tear gas lurked in the seams of that tarpaulin, and just as Miss Mayo stepped forward to say something awfully funny to start the show going, she paused, gazed miserably about her, and burst into tears. The startled audience, who thought that somehow Jane Cowl had got into the bill by mistake, then watched while she departed at full speed for the nearest dressing station.

Recently, by way of a change, the Mayo show played in a real theater, a battered old op'ry house built by the Gauls in a town just below the Argonne. The theater had been closed since the war began, but it was hoed open for this occasion and an infantry corporal was found who admitted he could work the curtains. The house was packed to the doors, doughboys and poilus jostling one another for the best seats in the boxes and in the front row of the gallery—yes, the gallery.

All the Old Hokum

All the old hokum, jasbo and gravy known to vaudeville can be found in the show. It is easy to take the old jokes and dress them up in O.D. If you want to make fun of some one, call him a second lieutenant. If you want to use the old cracks about Brooklyn, Yonkers or Red Bank, New Jersey, why, use them. Only substitute Blois and a base port.

The mere fact that you wear the badge of the Red Triangle is no reason, apparently, why you shouldn't skate on the thin ice of the naughty-naughty. The Mayo outfit is called Shock Unit because, except for one performance in the Tuileries Gardens at Paris, it has always played at the front, and not because its little jokes are of such a character that the founders of the Y.M.C.A. must turn in their graves at each performance. But they go big with the democratic Army.

For example, the fun is hitting a pretty swift pace when one of the bunch—Will Morrisey, perhaps—mentions having been with the Yanks in Italy.

Everything but the Peanuts

"Ah!" says Miss Mayo, "and when you were in Italy, did you touch Florence?"

Sensation! When Morrisey can be heard above the uproar he answers in the negative.

"But it's a good idea," he admits.

Then he and Tommy Gray have to tell a story reflecting on the French. They first get the assurance of the Yanks present to stand by them if the French in the house started anything. Afterwards, somewhat haltingly, comes their account of the Frenchman seen with a ladder in the corridor of a Paris hotel, peeking through the transom of a lady's chamber, peeping, what is more, for two solid hours.

Miss Mayo is scandalized. And surprised. She thought, she says, the French were always so polite.

The Poor Shavetails!

"Well, this fellow wasn't," says Morrisey. "Why, he stayed there all that time, and there were 18 second lieutenants waiting at the foot of the ladder."

Pandemonium!

It certainly sounds like the good old days to hear a gallery full of Americans, all stamping and cheering and whistling their approval. There is everything there but the peanuts. They roar with delight when lovely Lois Meredith gazes upon them, and the roof threatens to come off the theater when Elizabeth Brice comes dancing to the footlights, swinging her shoulders and putting all the pep in the world into her old songs. Just as she used to in the Keith houses back home, so here at the front she sings "Buzz around, buzz around" and "Come, let's settle down" till the boys fairly split all ears with their whistling. They made the old theater rock on its ancient foundations, and Miss Mayo retired that night an exhausted but satisfied woman.

The Morning After

Next morning, while she was trying to negotiate a bit of bread without a bread ticket—it can't be done—her breakfast was halted by a visitation. Some high local functionary, sporting one of the few silk hats left in Argonne, called upon her, bowed eight times, made a speech about "hands across the sea" and "jusq'au bout," and then assured her that the French people were deeply grieved by the rudeness to Miss Brice evidenced the night before. They wished her to understand, he said, that none of the Frenchmen present had had any part in that outrageous whistling.

Furthermore, they could not account for such a manifestation of displeasure, for, he said, Miss Brice's performance was "tout a fait charmante, épatante, délicieuse."

Four interpreters were hastily summoned and it was thoroughly explained that whereas in France whistling means disapproval, in America it's just another way of saying, "Keep it up, Elizabeth, your show's great."

IT'S NO USE, BILL—

—It Won't Pass Inspection Any More

WOODCRAFT EXPERTS TO HARDEN ALL A.E.F.

Inside Lessons on Building Lean-To and Fires Now on Books

WINTER HINTS GIVEN OUT

Importance of Drying Clothing as Health Precaution Emphasized by Chief Surgeon

American soldiers, fighting a day-after-day battle against General Winter, are going to use the tactics of Leatherstocking and other less classical, but equally hard characters of the great American backwoods in the days when Army surgeons were scarce, and Spanish flu had not been invented.

An unwritten code of out-door living tactics is to be taught the A.E.F.

Soldiers experienced in woodcraft are asked by the Chief Surgeon to teach their less experienced comrades the inside lessons of building lean-to shelters, huts and campfires. And the Chief Surgeon, in a bulletin just issued, is telling commanding officers and medical officers the precautions that should be taken to protect the health of the Army.

Pup Tent Beats Barracks

Crowding is one thing that is being emphasized. Here is other advice: A pup tent properly made is a much better place than a barrack in which too many men live. Spitting in crowded places is apt to send more men to the hospital than a German attack.

Don't build a big camp fire. An Indian will build a little fire and keep warm, where a white man will build a big fire and remain cold. Build a small fire and stand over it, rather than a big fire from which you must keep away. Before building a shelter, note the direction in which the wind is blowing and have the entrace face the opposite direction.

It is best to have the fire inside the shelter. The primitive fireplace is built with walls of sod on each side and is not over two feet wide. A flue may be made of stone, sod or green boughs. The side of a bank or cliff is a good place to build a chimney. Wood should be cut in small pieces.

Wet Feet on Blacklist

The importance of drying clothing that has been wet is another point which the Chief Surgeon, who ought to know, is trying to impress on everybody. He points out that clothing is primarily intended to keep the natural heat of the body from escaping to the air. When clothing is wet it permits the body heat to pass off easily. Lowered vitality results and the wet man may fall sick.

Wet feet particularly cause sickness, and time spent in changing or drying socks and shoes is always worth while. Oiling or greasing the feet is recommended.

AERIAL NEWSBOYS PEDDLE ARMY PAPER

Copies of Stars and Stripes Dropped to Men in Argonne Fight

THE STARS AND STRIPES for October 4 were delivered on the day of publication to the men in the front line in Argonne by American pilots flying Liberty planes.

All the different types of air-craft in the American service, bombing planes, observation planes, chasse planes, aided in the distribution that day and the next of some 2,200 copies, done into little bundles of ten and scattered along the line all the way from the western edge of the Argonne forest itself to Brieulles on the Meuse.

Some were dropped from a height of 1,000 feet, some were scattered over the lines by flyers swooping so low that they almost scraped the tree tops. They could see the doughboys rush for the papers and then look up to wave their appreciation. Just to be facetious, and for the general good of the German soul, a few copies were carried far back into "Germany" and dropped around Mouzon and Sedan.

For a while the shell-torn roads through that devastated region were in such shape and the forward movement of the guns so urgent that all but the most vital traffic was sternly banished from the highways. Ammunition and rations—these had the right of way and if the airmen had not volunteered their services, the papers could not have got up while they were fresh.

Some of the most celebrated flyers in our service—pilots who wear the D.S.C. and aces like Lieutenant Cook and Lieutenant Rickenbacker—were among the aerial newsboys of THE STARS AND STRIPES that day.

DOGS OF WAR MUSTERED

Whether or not you raised your dog to be a soldier, the chances are that he will get into that condition ere long, provided he is what G.O. 167 considers as being of a breed "suitable for war purposes." Among such breeds, the G.O. states, the shepherd, the drover and the mastiffs are the most warlike.

The order is aimed at preventing any curtailment of the supply of dogs required for the "Service Français des Chiens de Guerre." It forbids officers and enlisted men serving in the A.E.F. from purchasing or having in their possession dogs that might be available for the French service—"except as may have been issued them for official use." The issue dog, therefore, remains intact.

FEWER BUSINESS MISHAPS

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 17.—During the nine months of this year already elapsed, the number of commerical failures was smaller than in any corresponding period since 1906. The aggregate liabilities were the smallest since 1909.

COLONEL AS PILOT, GENERAL PASSENGER

S.O.S. Chief Pays Real Flying Visit to Distant Aero Field

Sheridan had to use a horse in his famous 40-mile dash to the battlefield, and the Duke of Wellington had to use a horse to hurry from the ballroom in Brussels to Waterloo—but in this ultra-modern war when a major general decides to take a little business trip of 70 miles or so and happens to be in a hurry, all he has to do is to pick up the phone and call for his airplane.

At least, it was just as simple as that last week when Major General Harbord, commanding general of the S.O.S., decided he wanted to go from his headquarters office in Tours to an aviation field about 70 miles away.

"Why, I'll drive you over, sir," said Col. Walter G. Kilner, chief of air training.

Everything Except the Bumps

In a little while two Liberty motors waited on the grass of a flying field near Tours. Into one climbed Major General Harbord and Colonel Kilner. Lieutenant Fielding S. Robinson, the general's aide, mounted the other, with Colonel Fitzgerald, commander of the air field, at the wheel. Two Liberty motors roared and two Liberty planes bounded from the grass. The planes circled for height and then headed for the field.

Four thousand feet in the air, 70 miles over the Touraine—the plateau and chateaux district of middle France—rode the general and his party. And 40 minutes after they had started they circled back to earth and landed, to receive the greetings of flying officers and air mechanics.

"Great trip—air, scenery and everything except the bumps," said the general, stretching his legs.

In honor of the general's sudden visit, *The Plane News*, edited and published by men at the flying field, got out a special edition with a story of the journey, and the inspection party carried copies back to Tours when they departed some hours later.

BIG AVIATION FIELD IS QUICKLY SHIFTED

Hangars and Complete Paraphernalia Set Up in Seven Days

Another claimant for honors in the speed-and-efficiency contest behind the lines. This time it is the air specialists.

The achievement constitutes the moving from one district to a spot a good distance away, of an aviation field; the dismantling of six hangers and eight barracks; hauling of barracks, hangars and all incidental paraphernalia to the new station—all within seven days.

"And," supplements the report made by Lieut. Wm. G. Peny, under whose direction the work was done, "this does not take into consideration the fact that it was accomplished with eight old Mexican border trucks which were about ready to retire, nor the additional detail of plowing and leveling bad paths of the field itself."

The Aero Squadron Crew,—, received orders to move at 9:30 one night; by 4 in the morning they were on the way, machinery, tractors and all. The orders received that the transfer and reconstruction work be done "without unnecessary delay." Four o'clock reveille and breakfast, chocolate and bread or doughnuts at 9 a. m., dinner at noon, more chocolate at 5 p.m. and supper at 9 p.m. was the program for the week.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE

Homesick Hubert: Gee, I wish I'd married the lil girl before I left the States!

Unhomesick Oscar (who did): Huh, cheer up. If you had they'd be sticking you for a compulsory allotment.

L. Gros, Imprimeur-Gérant, 36, Rue du Sentier, Paris, Printing Office of the Continental "Daily Mail," Ltd.